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No. 467.—Vol. XXXVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 13, 1912 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

FUTURE EMPRESS OF THE BALKANS?

Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, whose engagement to Prince Boris (Tsarevitch) of Bulgaria is not an unlikely outcome of the changed situation in the Near East. The betrothal has for long been talked of, but now that the Prince becomes the heir to an Imperial title and throne, his worth as a bridegroom has notably risen

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Unanimity

Mr. Asquith has declared definitely that England will sanction no attempt to deprive the victors of their spoils. Anybody thinking otherwise will signify in the usual way. Nobody? Carried *nem con.*

***

The Vanquished Turk

Whatever sympathies Englishmen may have had for the Turks at the outset (the Turk being then unbeaten) they have none now (the Turk being beaten). Everybody is for the victors. This is a cynical world, and no wonder the Turk has decided that he has had enough of the European part of it. On his retirement to Asia, THE BYSTANDER tenders him his best wishes for many happy and prosperous new years. He may yet live to show himself a finer fellow than his conquerors, however much they may have had the right on their side hitherto.

***

Constantinople's Future

And Constantinople? For my part, I have never seen exactly what is the difficulty. Surely its rightful future status is that of the Federal Capital of the United States of the Balkans—a sort of Washington of the Near East. No doubt, being a Federal Capital, it will be entirely self-governing, and if Russia desires certain privileges for herself, perhaps the Balkans will deem it politic to grant them to her. If Great Britain enters any objection, Great Britain will be a great fool. We have nothing to fear from Russian ships in the Mediterranean. On the contrary, we may find them a very useful counterpoise to Austrian ones. All I hope is that the Powers will find it as easy to re-arrange the map of Europe as does the average Londoner.

***

The Days of Bleats

Servia, as in 1908, seems likely to provide Europe with its opportunity of testing its shining armour. As to the morals of Austria's attitude, we have something to say in an open letter on page 346. The question for us particularly is whether, if Russia should make Austria's threat a *casus belli*, England and France will support her against Austria's two allies. Were we the England of Palmerston and Gladstone there would only be one answer. Certainly we should regard an attempt by a military Empire to rob a rising State of the fruits of a gallant victory over a greater foe as the ideal opportunity for a leonine roar. But these are the days of bleats rather than roars. I think we shall probably stand aside and leave Servia to her fate. It is a pity, of course, but the fact remains that we positively cannot afford to be leonine save within a convenient distance of our own lair.

***

More Talk of the "Status Quo"

Turkish officials in Constantinople do not, according to the *Telegraph*, at all realise the seriousness of the Turkish position. No, and I doubt somehow if they ever will. Long after the Bulgarians have settled down, and trams and motor-'buses, tubes and taxis, are in vogue, I expect there will still be seen, in the vicinity of the Sublime Porte, fezzed and frock-coated figures talking pleasantly about the *status quo*, autonomy, and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. They will be one of the sights of Stamboul.

***

False Prophets

"In the present war, Turkey will either be victorious or she will be defeated." Marvellous! Where else but in a monthly review would one have found such a prodigious piece of prophetic deduction? For it, we are indebted to Mr. Ellis Barker in the *Fortnightly*. Under the title "Montenegro," in the same review, Mr. Herbert Vivian delivers himself thus: "Sir Edward Grey must now perceive that Montenegro is the one Balkan State which can be counted on for courage and honour and fidelity." I wonder what Mr. Herbert Vivian, in the light of actual events, "must now perceive."

***

Bad Taste

Here is another of this writer's gems: "As for the Greeks, we need not trouble about them, save as swift runners. . . . At best they may provide us with a comic version of Olympic Games." I think what this gentleman "must now perceive" is that he is not among the prophets. As to the good taste of belittling an army before it had time to prove its quality in action—well, there was so much of that done by London scribblers *before* the war that Mr. Vivian is not unique.

***

Fleet Street's Lesson

Never, I say without hesitation, has serious London journalism covered itself with more shame than in this momentous autumn of 1912. Heaven send that it may be a lasting lesson to Fleet Street to give its overworked head a rest, and when people next take up their sword in the cause of liberty to allow its *heart* a little freer action.

***

Honour Where Honour Is Due

I see, by the way, that Mr. Garvin is claiming that his journal (the *Pall Mall*) was the first in England to urge the cry of "The Balkans for the Balkan Peoples." Yes, *after* the first Balkan victories, Mr. Garvin was very eloquent on this subject. The honour of having put this idea forward before war was declared, with all the prominence of which pictures and type were capable, belongs, as readers of THE BYSTANDER are aware, to this journal, which alone in England supported King Ferdinand from the first day of his assumption of independence.

Processions in Two Styles

Photograph *Sport and General*

MUMMERY: THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW. LONDONERS RE-ENACT SCENES FROM ENGLAND'S PAST HISTORY

Photograph *Central News*

TRAGEDY: THE RETREAT FROM CHORLU. TURKS ENACT SCENES FROM TURKEY'S PRESENT HISTORY

While the capital city of the British Empire tolerated the re-enactment of the dreary farce known as the Lord Mayor's Show, there was marching towards the Turkish capital the remnant of the once powerful Ottoman Army—a starving, terror-stricken rabble. Of course, the Show had to be gone through with, but its coincidence with a terrible war in being, and the possibility of an even more terrible one in prospect, was unfortunate. Is it not time the City of London decided to rid the installation of its chief magistrate finally of the reproach of being at once nonsensical and a nuisance?

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Local Authorities of Topical Interest: By E. T. Reed

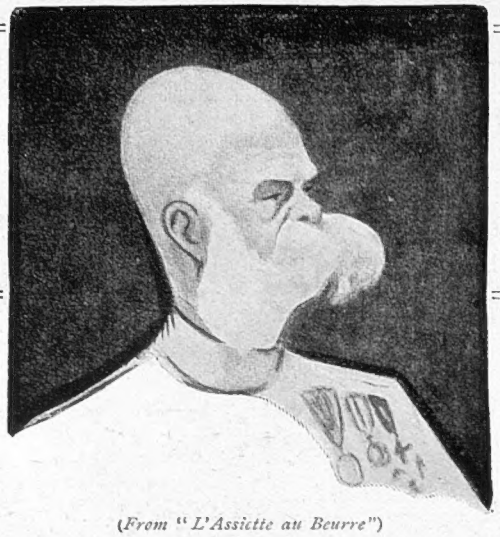
LONDON

The new Lord Mayor, Sir David Burnett, on whom devolves the duty of receiving distinguished foreign visitors to the City. He will continue in office until November, 1913

CONSTANTINOPLE

Mohammed V., the principal "local authority" in Constantinople, who is now busy making arrangements for the reception of distinguished foreign visitors. It is not known how long he will remain in office

An Open Letter to The Austrian Emperor



(*From "L'Assiette au Beurre"*)

IMPERIAL AND APOSTOLIC MAJESTY,—

SO you intend that Servia shall not enjoy the fruits of her victory. Over her desire to instal herself in the Adriatic you place your Imperial finger, and, should she persist, you threaten her with your Apostolic boot.

Who, by the way, *are* you that you should thus arrogate to yourself the right to refuse Servia the enjoyment of what she has won by force of arms from the Turks? That, personally, you are an admirable Personage, possessing high public virtues, THE BYSTANDER is aware, and for the races over which you rule (such of them whose names we can recall) we have the friendliest feelings. But what is Austria that she claims to rob Servia of what is hers by the right of conquest?

Servia, you say, shall not settle on the Adriatic.

Why not? Because of "Austrian interests"! How, in the name of the Apostles, of whom you are the avowed successor, can Servia injure you by having an outlet to the sea? Are you afraid of Servian Dreadnoughts at Trieste? But Servia has a population of three millions against the fifty-one millions odd of your august monarchy. On the Adriatic she would be to you what Holland, Belgium, or Denmark are to us, that and no more.

Why do you refuse her her place on the sea?

Because it has been a settled decree of Austrian policy that, whenever the Turk went from Albania, if Austria did not take his place nobody else should! If Servia goes to the Adriatic you fear that it will be but the prelude to a Russification of your highway to the Mediterranean. You would go then yourself, an you could, but your ally, Italy, loves you far too much to desire you to be her *vis-à-vis* for the whole length of the Adriatic.

Because you and your Italian ally are too jealous for the one to allow Albania to be occupied by the other, you both agree that nobody else shall go there. So you have decided to use Albania as a cemetery for the dead bones of the *status quo*, and as for Servian aims and aspirations, the Serbs can go and hang themselves.

Imperial and Apostolic Majesty! *Tempora mutantur*! The glorious success of the nations of the Balkan League has established a new fact—that is, that the legitimate desires of free peoples be no longer throttled to make a diplomatic formula. The fear of the Powers of each other shall no longer succeed in stifling the sentiment of nationality. The Serbs are determined to pay no heed to "Austrian interests." They are going to the Adriatic.

What will you do?

Seriously, is it your intention to throw an Austrian Army Corps across the Danube to attempt the destruction of a people against whom you have no other grievance than that they have dared to do for the Turks what your ancestors did for them—*i.e.*, to turn them out of territories they won and held by the terror of the sword? Nobody doubts that, if you do as you threaten, you can defeat the Serbs. But what sort of victory will it be? Surely, only that of the Bully on the public highway, one which will earn you, in your declining years, an infamous sobriquet the whole length and breadth of Slavdom.

Whether or not it will bring you to war I cannot at the moment say. But what I do say is that it will arouse against you the fury of the Serbs in Servia, and also the millions in your own monarchy. It will arouse resentment, perhaps even hostility, among the victorious Bulgars, who will wish their allies in the glorious fight to enjoy their legitimate conquests. It will make the name of Austria hated in Russia, as the enemy of rising Slavonic peoples; it will reawaken in England and France the same feelings as were directed against you, so fatally, in the years before the liberation of Italy and Hungary.

Austria will become, in the minds of Englishmen, synonymous with Oppression as Turkey was synonymous with Atrocity. Despise, as you may, our military power, we have many ships and you have few.

That Italy sympathises with you in your attitude towards the Serbs, do not believe.

Italy fears, and she hates, Austria.

And Germany? She laughs in her sleeve. Useful to her, for the moment, as an ally, she knows full well that sooner or later your Monarchy will be a welter of anarchy, that a struggle for supremacy is a certain sequel to your own demise, and that it will be her opportunity to absorb the German-speaking populations.

Were you, at the closing years of your reign, to make Austria the protector and the patron, not the oppressor, of the new Balkan Federation, that very Federation might be your ally in the hour of need. As it is, you, by putting a spoke in the wheel of its progress, are writing for the House of Hapsburg the first letter of the word "Finis."

The rulers of no one united nation, a relic of the mediæval past, the Hapsburgs will only continue to be tolerated in the age of democracy if they stand for certain solid principles in the interest of Europe as a whole—Peace, Justice, Liberty, and things of that kind.

Let them figure as not only unnational, but antinational, and they will go as sure as to-morrow's sun shall rise. For to-morrow's sun, in the European political sense, brings with it the dawn of national unity and the passing of military and diplomatic despotism.

THE BYSTANDER

After Kumanovo

PRINCE ALEXIS KARA-GEORGEVITCH APPEARS BEFORE THE CAMERA

Photograph *Central News*

We have received the above striking photograph of Prince Alexis Kara-Georgevitch, who took part in the victory of Kumanovo. His appearance on the scene on this occasion is likely to bring him prominently before the Servian public, though, being only a cousin of King Peter, he does not stand in the line of succession to the throne. This, however, is less of an obstacle to a prince's chance in Servia than in other countries

The Bystander in Society

Royal Sport

IF there is one relaxation in which King George particularly delights it is, of course, shooting, and he makes use of every opportunity to indulge in it. In addition to the many other visits which have been so much referred to, King George on Monday, November 10, devoted a day to shooting over Sir Sigismund Neumann's coverts at Raynham, the Norfolk seat of the Townshends. Sir Sigismund has taken the place on a long lease, and since his occupancy the preserves have been well stocked and fostered.

A Royal Escapade

THE BYSTANDER ventures to hope that the Prince of Wales while at Oxford will not feel moved to copy the example of a certain member of the Royal family who formerly patronised one of our Universities. This illustrious personage, being kept rigorously *in statu pupillari*, desired greatly to escape to London for the day, quite against the regulations. So he got up very early in the morning, put on the slackest of clothes, and took his seat in a third-class smoking-carriage among a company of labourers. But the stationmaster had got up earlier still, and recognised the Royal undergraduate. His sense of duty being stronger than his sense of sportsmanship, he telephoned to the Master of the College where the Prince was in residence and informed him of the fact.

The Punishment Courteous

There was a terrible to-do, and in the end the Master got into communication with Buckingham Palace, and put the whole matter before Queen Victoria. All this while the train was crawling towards Town. So when at last it reached London, and the princely tenant was beginning to congratulate himself on his escape, he was horrified to find that opposite his carriage was a strip of red carpet, with stationmaster and officials standing round to receive him, and that outside the station the Royal carriages, with their full complement of attendants, were waiting to convey him—we wonder where! It was a neat punishment. But oh! Who would be a Royalty?

Photograph *Lentsky*

THE GRAND DUCHESS VLADIMIR

Who is expected to arrive in London in a few days

A Popular Visitor

At the present moment there is not much going on in the way of evening functions among the older Society set, and as regards young people, they positively might not exist, so little does one hear of them. There will, however, be a slight "flutter in the dovecot" next week when the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, the mother of the Grand Duke Cyril, comes over here on a visit. She is an especial favourite with a certain portion of the Anglo-American set.

War and Worries

Apropos of the war in the Balkans and its disastrous effect upon finance, Sir Ernest Cassel is said to be not a little disturbed by the trend of Turkish affairs, for he has very considerable interests in the Bank of Turkey and the railways. He was discussing the Turkish disasters with several of his friends at Newmarket the other day, and expressed his uneasiness at the totally unlooked for result of the campaign.

The Retort Unexpected

The following story has just reached me. A certain Society woman, known for the interest she takes in younger ladies, was attending a large reception. Seeing a lady of dignified appearance, she went up to her, and, touching her on the shoulder, said, "Your face is so familiar to me, but I can't think who you are. Now, do tell me, as I should so much like to know." The lady drew herself up, and, surveying her interlocutress somewhat severely, remarked, "My name is Mary—the Queen, you know." I have not heard what happened subsequently.

Stafford House

There is some talk of Stafford House being rented next year, for the Duchess of Sutherland takes less and less interest in the social round of London life, while, on the other hand, her interest in her charities and in her husband's undertakings increases daily. Furthermore, she can now relegate to her young daughter-in-law the duties of chaperoning Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, so that even this preoccupation need not distract her from those more serious—and, to her, more absorbing—interests which have made Stafford House less a necessity than a luxury!

Notables in the Hunting Field

PHOTOGRAPHED AT VARIOUS OPENING MEETS

THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND MRS. WYNDHAM (ON LEFT)
At the opening meet of the Quorn

LADY MILBANKE (ON RIGHT)
At the opening meet of the Quorn

LADY PORTMAN
At the opening meet of the Portman Hunt at Bryanston Hall

LORD WINTERTON, M.P.
Who had the misfortune to break his collar-bone while out with the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds

THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY (*concluded*)

"Tiny Little Flat"

Brides just back from their honeymoon, and preparing to take up their positions among the young matrons in Society, are always subjected to a considerable amount of criticism from their friends, young, old, or middle-aged. Indeed, they have a knack of assuming rather affected little attitudes which infinitely amuse those who knew, and in a way patronised, them in their "flapper" days. A certain young Marchioness, for instance, who, with her husband, came back to Town a couple of weeks ago, was asked by one of her mother's intimate friends what her plans were as regards a Town residence. "No, darling"—everyone "darlings" each other nowadays; it emphasises the degree of intimacy—"I shall not take a house in Town," said the lady, "for my husband does not care for Town. I am going to find just a tiny little flat." Two days later it was announced that the couple in question had taken a beautiful house in one of the most fashionable squares! Comment is needless.

THE SPANISH ROYAL CHILDREN

This interesting photograph of the four children of the King and Queen of Spain was taken at the Royal palace in Madrid. From left to right are the year-old infant daughter, the Infante Jaime (age 4), the Infanta Beatrice (age 3), and the Prince of Asturias (age 5½).

Vulgarising Matrimony

Rather a noticeable feature of the Society weddings of the past two years is the decreasing numbers in those who attend the ceremony itself. Instead of going to the church, and thence to the reception, invited guests, except the relatives on both sides, nowadays consider it sufficient if they put in an appearance at the house of the bride's parents, or wherever the reception is held. Another innovation on such occasions is certainly one which tends to vulgarise what many people, even in these days, still consider a sacred rite. At weddings of social import there are now to be seen outside the church, men selling paper handkerchief souvenirs, on which are reproduced pictures of the bride and bridegroom, with a list of the wedding gifts—all for a penny! The first occasion of this occurrence was at the wedding of Lord and Lady Anglesey, and subsequently it has been repeated at all important weddings.

Living in Public

The crowds in the street to whom these are sold may appreciate this, but scarcely the people most concerned. You have, however, to be pretty hardened to live in Society nowadays. Everything you do is commented on by somebody. You cannot be born without the puff preliminary; you can hardly be engaged without the permission of the *Morning Post*. The illustrated papers will proclaim your marriage to the uttermost parts of the earth, and when you die the *Times* will waft you to Heaven on an obituary notice. The illustrious Roman who boasted that his house and life could be overlooked by everybody in the city, would have nothing in particular to distinguish him in the twentieth century.

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

With her three eldest children, the Prince of Asturias (on right), the Infante Jaime, and the Infanta Beatrice. The Queen has recently been the victim of influenza

An Infallible Sign

HETTY: "But do you think he has any intention of marrying you?"
BETTY: "Not the least in the world, dear. That's why I feel so sure of getting him"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

Photograph by *The "Bystander's" Special War Correspondent*

SOME MEMBERS OF THE BULGARIAN AMBULANCE CORPS

The Bystander in the Balkans

ASTONISHING FORTITUDE OF THE WOUNDED: By ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF

DOWN at the railway station a small crowd of officials and others are waiting for the first ambulance train to arrive with her load of wounded men.

Not a very cheerful job, this; so there is little or no talking, each one remains silent. Presently a small white fluff of steam is seen in the distance: the train is approaching. As she draws nearer, a faint sound of cheering can be heard. Nobody pays any attention to this—it can only be those young students who are still celebrating Losengrad (Kirk-Kilisse). The train draws slowly into the station, and it is only then that, to their amazement, the crowd realise the cheering is coming from its wounded occupants. These stricken men, who should be quiet and even sad in their splints and bandages, are not only cheering but singing lustily. They are for all the world like a lot of schoolboys coming home for the holidays—schoolboys who have passed a stiff "exam.," scoring full marks in every subject which goes to make a soldier and a man!

During the last few weeks their devotion, endurance—in fact, every soldierly quality—has been tested to the utmost; and they have stood the test with flying colours! And now, wounded and suffering, they have been sent into hospital in Sofia, where they will worry the doctors day and night to allow them to return to the front, to enjoy just one more "go" at the hated and now despised Turk!

It is almost pathetic the way some of these poor fellows believe that in a little while they will be allowed to return to their regiments, in spite of the fact that, in many cases, an arm or a leg has been lost. In several instances the wounded man has killed himself, when he has at last realised that there is no future left for him but to return to his mountain village a helpless cripple.

The Austrian and Russian doctors who have come to work among the sick and wounded never cease to marvel at the fortitude and contempt for pain shown by the Bulgarian "Tommy."

Perhaps the three following incidents will further serve to show of what stuff the Bulgarian soldier is made:—

A sergeant—mortally wounded, and feeling that his last moments had come—beckoned to his captain, who ran to his side; the wounded man managed to unbuckle his sword, he kissed it, handed it to the officer, then, without a moan, sank back dead.

A soldier had been terribly wounded during an attack on a Turkish entrenched position; the attack had, for the moment, failed, and his comrades were slowly retiring, when, in his half-delirium, he managed to raise himself on hands and knees and shout, "*Na pret! Na pret!!*" ("Forward!—Forward!!"). His

MINUS THE YASHMAK FOR ONCE

A fair Turkish member of the Red Crescent Society attending the wounds of an officer at the Ghulhane Hospital

A Commanding Position

CAPTURED BY WAR CORRESPONDENTS AT THE "FRONT"

This photograph gives a pathetic idea of the desperate position of war correspondents. Prevented from getting anywhere near the firing line, they have to beguile their leisure in any way they can. It appears from the above that, in the neighbourhood of Stara Zagora, there is some kind of gymnasium, and in the absence of nothing more strenuous our own correspondent takes his turn on the swing or up the pole. The ladder has no doubt been found useful as a vantage-point from which to snapshot any distant puff of smoke which may be observed on the horizon

"The Most Virile People in Existence"

battalion, thinking it was their colonel who called, faced about, and rushed blindly through a hail of bullets at the Turkish trenches.

A few wild moments with the bayonet, and such Turks as remained alive were running for their lives, leaving a strong position in the hands of the victorious Bulgarian troops. The man who was the unconscious cause of this brilliant feat of arms was now lying dead in a welter of blood nearly half a mile to the rear!

During the three days' heavy fighting before Losengrad (Kirk-Kilisse) was taken, a certain Bulgarian soldier got a bullet in his right shoulder. He lay for a moment half-stunned, but opened his eyes just in time to see the ambulance men coming for him. Instinctively he knew that this meant hospital, and hospital meant no more fighting for him for some time to come—a dreadful prospect! With an effort he struggled to his feet, determined to run and hide somewhere from these interfering hospital people! It was no good; he was caught and put on a stretcher and carried to the nearest ambulance waggon for transport to hospital. The stretcher was laid on the ground for a moment, and our friend, who was beginning to gain a little strength, seized the golden opportunity to scramble up and make off; but his strength failed and he fell forward fainting. He was brought back and securely strapped into the ambulance and taken to the field hospital, where his wound was dressed and he was put to bed. It was in vain that he pointed out to the doctors that he still had one arm, and, therefore, was as good as any two Turks! He was sternly told to keep quiet.

But the doctors did not know their man. That very night he managed to elude the vigilance of the nurses and hospital orderlies, and to escape! In the darkness he made his way back to his regiment, where he was found a delirious wreck in the morning. It is said the doctors discussed earnestly together as to whether or not it would be a good plan to cut both his legs off, as the only way of keeping him in bed until his shoulder healed!

It is extraordinary that so little is known about Bulgaria and the Bulgarians. It is true that a few books have been written on the subject, but in these books no attempt has been made to convey any idea as to the people, their customs, and their mode of life. In each case it is simply the description of a trip to a few out-of-the-way places, the author having made no effort to look beneath the surface.

I now make the following statement without the slightest fear of not being able to make good my words: namely, that the Bulgarians are one of the most moral and virile people now in existence. Drunkenness is rare among the men; among the women it is unknown. And if drunkenness is rare among the men, so is immorality among the women, the Bulgarian woman having a very high conception of her duties as wife and mother.

A SYMPATHETIC PRINCESS

Princess Helen of Greece talking to wounded soldiers at Larissa

Since the country was liberated from the black shadow of Turkish misrule, a wonderful change has taken place. Sofia, from being a collection of squalid hovels, is now a fine city of 120,000 inhabitants, with every convenience such a city should have. The same also applies to most of the provincial towns. All schools and hospitals are excellent, the equipment in every case being of the best; in fact, there is every evidence that great efforts are being made to do the right thing in the right way, and at the right time.

ARTHUR F. SHIRREFF

The Most Popular Man of the Day

MR. GIBSON BOWLES, THE HERO OF THE INCOME-TAX ACTION

Mr. Gibson Bowles, who has successfully proved that the Income-Tax is illegal till it has actually been voted, every year, by Parliament, is, perhaps, the most popular man in England at the moment. Not that his action will reduce our burden in the slightest, but everybody is glad to see the ever-increasing army of officials scored off once in a way

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

MY own nomination for the throne of Albania—which, I understand, is bound to be a separate Kingdom—is not a Danish Prince at all, but Colonel Roosevelt. Albanians are apt to be brigands in their leisure hours, and Roosevelt, a determined enemy of graft, would soon teach them better.

* * *

Again, as monarch of Albania, Mr. Roosevelt would have to study, and make speeches in, Albanian. This would give his words an appearance of freshness which would make them more interesting than they sometimes are.

* * *

Other capital candidates for the Albanian crown might be found among such well-known people as Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Garvin, and Mr. Bottomley. The election of one of these would make for peace in such diverse spheres, respectively, as Belfast, the Cobden Club, and legal and financial circles generally.

* * *

Gradually we are beginning to learn why the Turks have fallen. They were under a Liberal Government (as we are); their women were trying to emancipate themselves (though the Turkish Mr. Pethick Lawrence is a rarity); their bakers did not give them Standard bread . . . Whereas the Bulgars would no more think of licking on an Insurance stamp than they would of flying; they are not prejudiced Free Traders; they diet themselves very strictly—largely sour milk, of course—and——I forget the other reasons.

* * *

Those who affect to despise the Turk now that he is down should bear in mind one thing. In spite of defeat after defeat at the hands of the Allies, he has managed all through the war to pen up, as in a ring of steel, thirty-six English war correspondents—many of them the very pick of our halfpenny newspapers.

* * *

Would it be fair, in view of the fact that many of the Turk's guns were supplied to him by Germany, to say that Turkey has come a Krupper?

"I hear yer new house is a braw yin, Missus McGeoghan"
"It is that, Missus McGrath, but I'm sair put oot for the want of a bathroom"
"Ye've no a bathroom? Then whaur dae ye keep yer coals?"
(By A. E. Horne)

It is proposed by *The Observer* that Salonica should become a free port under the Jews, who form its chief population. This seems a fair enough proposition, though a correspondent suggests that a lightship should in that case be stationed outside the harbour, to give warning of it to mariners.

* * *

"Eurhythmics"—which is a new form of gymnastics, done to music, and recalls a Greek ideal—is shortly, says a contemporary, to be introduced to London. Surely, there is nothing new, or even Greek, about these "rhythmic gymnastics"? I have seen lots of quite elderly Londoners, as soon as they hear an Italian organ-grinder outside, start to their feet and dance swiftly to the door!

* * *

Tillage by dynamite—some experiments with which have been taking place in Kent—should, if successful, prove a useful method of pursuing agriculture in certain cases. Determined anarchists, for example, might, if they were placed in labour colonies where all the work was done by dynamite, quite take to the farmer's life. Mere spade-work they have always scorned.

* * *

"Of criminals committed to prison in Ireland last year almost one-fourth could neither read nor write." Yet, in face of this evidence that the great majority of prisoners are literate, people calling themselves humanitarians go on advocating the teaching of reading and writing in Irish schools.

* * *

Poor Professor Reinhardt and Herr Vollmoeker! The original version of "The Venetian Night" was meant to depict episodes in the city of Venice, where everything is regarded by the young hero "as being necessarily fantastic." Yet when they come to the city of London, and find that fantastic creature, the Lord Chamberlain's censor, they are hurt and astonished.

* * *

The editor of the *Financial News* declares that he has been unable to discover ladies capable of writing about finance. This is strange in face of the extraordinary success women had attained in the sister art of fiction.

R. E. Vernede

His Handicap at Golf

"Now then, boy, just hold the mirror where I can see the ball"

BY CHAS. CROMBIE

London Nights Entertainments

"OFFICER 666" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

THIS play is described as a melodramatic farce; and after that we are, of course, prepared for anything. The story is based on an idea that seems to be growing in popularity just now—to wit, the idea that the villain of the piece must not be brought to justice in the last act. In the old days the public did not seem to think it had had its money's worth unless the villain was led off between a couple of detectives at the finish; but it almost seems as if such a climax would be regarded now as a grossly unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. Public sympathy is on the side of the wrong-doer all the time; and the modern happy ending leaves us laughing at the ridiculously ineffectual efforts on the part of the incompetent police to secure their man. It is not for me to draw a moral from this tendency of the times. I can do no more than give voice to the feeble wail of the conventional person who has been taught to believe that at the last virtue always wins and vice is vanquished; while at the same time I wonder which of the remainder of our cherished convictions will be the next to go by the board.

At the beginning of the play we are introduced to Mr. Travers Gladwin, a young millionaire, who has travelled round the world to find a new sensation, and who, so far, has had no luck in his search. I have heard it said before that when once wealthy people have got used to the feeling of being very rich, life is just as disappointing to them as it is to ordinary mortals whose chronic state is the need of just a little more money than they can ever manage to secure. It is quite possible that this allegation is designed to teach us that it is our duty to be content with our lot—or little, as the case may be; but I, for one, shall not allow myself to be deterred from continuing the rush for the spoil by cheap homilies of this sort. No, thank you! We will now, if you please, return to Mr. Gladwin, who arrives in New York from a lengthened trip to learn that someone else has taken his name and is enjoying the run of his mansion in Upper Fifth Avenue. The leading feature of Mr. Gladwin's house is his magnificent collection of pictures; and this is what has attracted the nefarious impersonator, whose real name is Barnes. Mr. Barnes has a passion for art; but as he has no money to spend on pictures, he adopts the very much cheaper method of acquiring them by theft. In his spare moments, also, he turns an honest penny into a dishonest one by selling imitation "old masters" to green and simple millionaires who are out picture-collecting in a hurry.

Sketched by Norman Morrow

Barnes has not only taken possession of Gladwin's house, but he has also secured the girl in the case, as it were. The girl in question, having heard that Gladwin was once the means of saving someone's life at the risk of his own, has made up her mind to marry a man like that, and, as she is quite rich enough to be able to support a husband, Barnes encourages her gentle overtures. He invites her to meet him at the Fifth Avenue mansion, where he proposes to call and steal a few priceless pictures before starting on his honeymoon. Helen, the girl in question, is punctual in keeping the appointment, and arrives just after the real Gladwin has returned home unexpectedly. With a charming frankness she tells the whole story, and thus sets going the delightful rush that makes up the rest of the play. The real Gladwin, seeing a chance of experiencing the new sensation which he has travelled so far to meet, borrows the uniform of Police-officer No. 666 and stands guard over his own property.

For cool bluff, Mr. Barnes is not surpassed by any stage criminal of recent times. When his identity is challenged he offers to accompany the police to the station to prove that they are mistaken; and when he is not arguing with them about their crass incompetence, he is hiding from pursuit in chimneys and oak chests considerately constructed to accommodate a full-length man. Only on one occasion does he grow desperate, and that is when he finds himself alone with the real Gladwin. Snatching a revolver from his hip pocket, he threatens to shoot if the alarm is given. Gladwin then discusses the matter with him; and Barnes, just to show that he has confidence in Gladwin, gives him the revolver. Gladwin, after examining it, points out that it is not loaded, and Barnes replies nonchalantly that they never are in these cases. Still, as everyone knows, it is the gun that is not loaded which usually goes off by accident. As a display of energy alone, this piece is quite refreshing; but it is equally sound from the artistic point of view, and forms an agreeably light after-dinner amusement for people who can make due allowance for the latitude usually extended to farcical extravagance.

JINGLE

The new play, "Officer 666," at the Globe Theatre, is a really amusing farce, and should fill the bill at this house for many weeks. In that case, as the theme of the piece is based upon the idea that the villain must not meet with his deserts in the last act, further proof will be forthcoming of the modern tendency on the part of the public to sympathise with the wrong-doer, and to make fun out of the incompetence of his would-be reformers

BY NORMAN MORROW

MATTERS MUSICAL

SOME MODERN FRENCH MUSIC

ON last Tuesday the St. Petersburg Quartet played Debussy's string quartet at the Bechstein Hall, and on Saturday Sir Henry Wood promoted Ravel's "Ma Mère L'Oye" from the Promenades to the Symphony Concerts. It is almost as late to sing the praises of the St. Petersburg Quartet as it is to comment on Debussy's sole experiment in chamber music. Both have long ago settled down into the category of accepted things. The Russian players, for their rhythmical precision, beauty of tone, delicacy of expression, are, indeed, especially qualified to interpret what has been called "the only classic among contemporary chamber music." For Debussy's quartet is now old enough to be called merely "contemporary." Anything actually of the moment is always christened "ultra-modern" or "futurist," or one of the other adjectives that denote the bewilderment of the critic. For musical criticism, like the Law, always likes to be comfortably behind the times.

"No Tune"

Certainly Debussy's quartet, except, perhaps, in the last movement, is now as clear as daylight to anyone at all familiar with modern music. And to us it seems merely funny that anyone should ever have thought that Debussy's music, which is all melody, lacked "tune." The reason, I suppose, is that any new melodic invention must be difficult of apprehension. And that is why, inversely, the "tune" of one generation becomes the banality of the next.

Photograph] MISS DORIS LYTTON [*Elwin Neame*

Who has just gone to America to play the leading part in "The Blindness of Virtue," both in the States and in Canada. Miss Doris Lytton's advance in her profession has been remarkably rapid. She is not yet twenty-two

The Common Reproach

Ravel suffered less than Debussy from this lack of comprehension because the elder composer had already paved the way. Instead, he has been accused of being an imitator—which is just as absurd. It is extraordinary how anyone who takes advantage of the latest current means of expression always incurs this reproach. As a matter of fact, I, for my part, cannot pretend to like "Ma Mère L'Oye" so well as other compositions of Ravel, though I hope and expect to hear it many times again. But one is sorry to see a Frenchman sinking merely to "imitative" effects in the Teuton manner.

Praise and Criticism

In a sense, however, Ravel may claim to have invented a new kind of Fairy music quite different from that of Mendelssohn or Weber, and of this "Little Ugly," the third movement, is a perfect example. Its deliberate artificiality recalled one of those steam horrors that stand outside roundabouts and bleat the latest popular tune a hundred times a day. Not that Ravel's music "bleated," or, indeed, was anything but perfectly delightful. But I was reminded of the mechanical conductor who beats time and the little ladies who strike bells, all the artificial figures, in fact, that one associates with those peculiar contrivances. In Ravel's case it was, of course, thoroughly poetical in conception—but one wishes that French composers would be a little less easily satisfied with the merely picturesque and the artificially fantastic. That a country which claims to lead musical Europe should have produced scarcely anything of deep feeling since "Pelléas et Mélisande" is, surely regrettable.

FRANCIS TOYE

The "Flapper" à la Parisienne

MLLE. MONNA DELZA

[*Bechoff Davia*

Is a very pretty little Parisian actress, with a rose-leaf complexion, champagne coloured hair, which is perfectly natural, and a wicked pair of grey-green eyes. She sprang into fame about a year ago in Henri Bataille's play, "*Les Vierges Folles*," in which she made a marked success. The best description of her, on the stage and off it, is that she is in her small person the apotheosis of the "flapper"—the "flapper" *à la Parisienne*, perfectly turned out, perfectly groomed, and distinctly perverse. She will never be a great actress, but she will always be a very charming one, and she is busy just now learning English

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Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

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LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

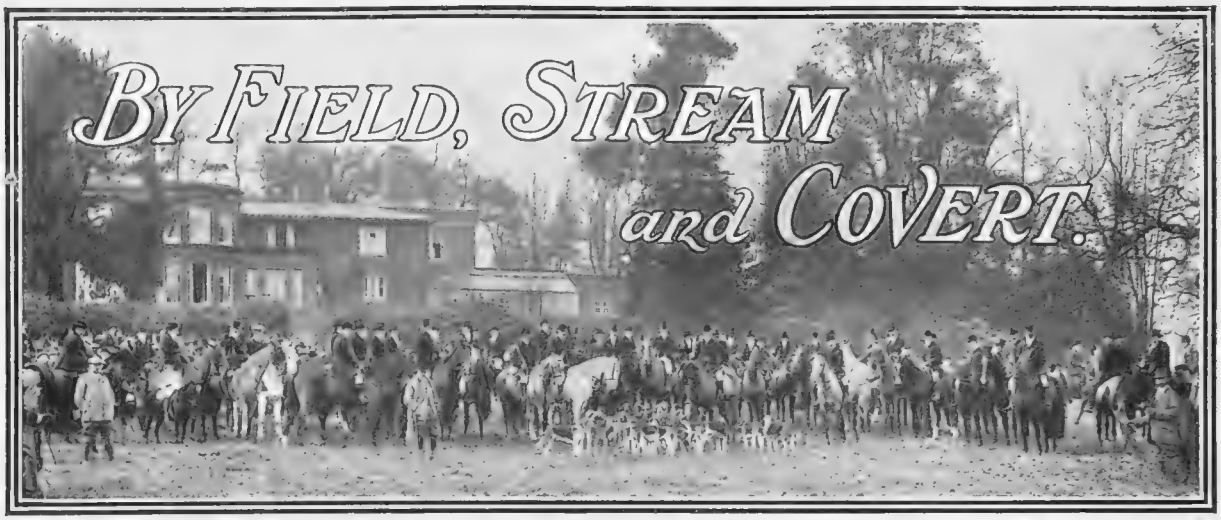
Técla

NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE



THE OPENING MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON FOXHOUNDS

Which was held recently at the Terrace, the Master's (Major C. Gossett Mayall) house at Oaken, near Wolverhampton

Sport With Hounds

For one reason and another opening days are not associated with great sport. As a rule, the crowd is much larger than usual, and until hounds get far away from the neighbourhood of the meeting-place, foxes will be headed in every direction, many a promising run being stopped at its outset in this way. Thus the best sport is enjoyed in the afternoon, when hounds have drawn some distant covert and are followed only by the real hunting enthusiasts, the surviving members of the vast field which met them in the forenoon. No pack in Leicestershire last week did better work after their opening meet than Mr. Fernie's Hounds, and, true to tradition, it was not until late in the day that they got really going in their accustomed style. It was a really good hunt of three hours, and though the fox was always travelling a little too well for hounds on a moderate scenting afternoon, there was any amount of life and sparkle about the run, horses being fairly well baked at the end. Unfortunately, a good deal of wire was encountered during the afternoon, and it is regrettable that much of this deadly obstruction should be found in such a fair hunting region as High Leicestershire. One of the worst places is the property of an Oxford college, and it is rather surprising that the Bursar cannot be prevailed upon to have the wire removed during the season.

Hunting Obstacles

The musters at Kirby Gate and other hunting appointments last week were as big as ever, and in spite of the cloud of the threatened land taxes, there does not seem to be much wrong with the present state of the sport. Of course, you will meet plenty of people who assure you that foxhunting is on the down-grade, but that has been the cry for more than sixty years—and the sport is still going strong! I was reading recently an article written by the famous "Nimrod" seventy years since, in which he took a very lugubrious view of the future of his well-loved sport. It appears that a number of the chief packs had lost their Masters in the same season, a circumstance which so much alarmed the usually optimistic "Nimrod" that he was impelled to ask what was to become of the sport. He might have spared his fears. You may have heard the story of a famous huntsman of the Pytchley in the distant past. He approached the Master of the pack with a very long face. "It is all over with hunting, I'm afraid, my lord," he said. "Why do you say so?" asked the M.F.H. "Those canals, my lord," he replied mournfully, "they are bound to stop us." Hunting was strong enough to overcome the difficulties of canals and

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE MASTER'S PARTY FOR THE OPENING MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON FOXHOUNDS

From left to right are: (Seated) Mrs. R. Simpson, Mrs. Gossett Mayall, and Mrs. Forbes Bridges. (Standing) Mr. R. Simpson, Mr. S. Loveridge (Secretary), Mr. Banton, Mr. R. Shelton, Mr. F. Villiers Forster (Master of the South Stafford Foxhounds), Mr. Mullins, and Major C. Gossett Mayall (Master)

WILD PONIES DISTURBED BY HOUNDS IN THE NEW

Our artist's stirring picture was suggested by an incident not infrequently witnessed by those who have enjoyed the peculiar charm of hunting in the New Forest, which still remains, perhaps, the finest example of old English woodland scenery. The ponies are allowed to run wild in the forest, and have all the appearance of being in the state of

FOREST: FROM A DRAWING BY LIONEL EDWARDS

nature. They are often to be seen feeding in herds of twenty or thirty, and occasionally are sent into picturesque flight by the sudden appearance of the Deerhounds or Foxhounds

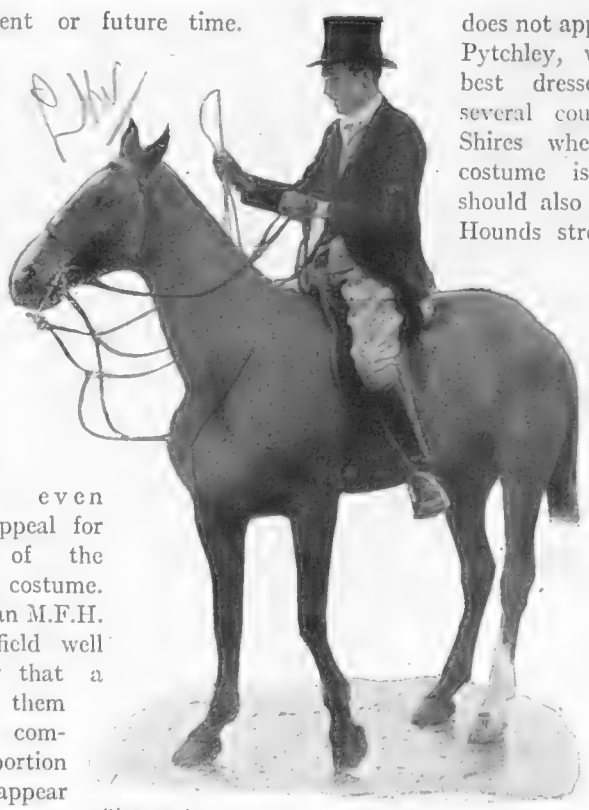
By Field, Stream, and Covert *(concluded)*

LADY FOLLOWERS OF THE ALBRIGHTON FOXHOUNDS
The Misses Williams and Mrs. Mynor (riding astride) at the opening meet

of railways, and I have no doubt that it will survive any obstacles at the present or future time.

The Etiquette of Costume

It has been noticed in recent years that fewer hunt members than formerly wear the scarlet coat. The custom seems to be increasing of wearing black and dark grey coats. So much is this the case that several Masters have expressed themselves rather forcibly on the point. They have even gone so far as to appeal for the better observance of the etiquette of hunting costume. It is only natural for an M.F.H. to wish to see his field well turned out, and I know that a great many of them do not think it at all a compliment, when a large portion of their subscribers appear in dark coats or in tweeds and butcher boots and bowler hats.



Photograph *Barrett*
THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD
Photographed at a meet of the Rufford Foxhounds. Lord Titchfield is the nineteen-year-old son and heir of the Duke of Portland

The Well-Dressed Pytchley

This, of course, does not apply to fashionable packs like the Pytchley, whose field is, perhaps, the best dressed of any; but there are several countries on the borders of the Shires where the etiquette of hunting costume is becoming very lax. It should also be remembered that Masters of Hounds strongly object to seeing second horsemen riding about after the hunt in more or less disreputable stable clothes. Even in the Pytchley country there has been cause for complaint in this direction, and Lord Annaly once expressed a wish that the members of the hunt should send their second horsemen out properly dressed. He asked that the men should be given a black coat to wear with a silk hat. Is not a second horseman equipped with this suitable livery more likely to keep his place than if he were allowed the freedom of nondescript attire?

A. W. C.

A Hunt That is Woman-Led

THE HUNT CROSSING THE OLD COURT BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ILEN

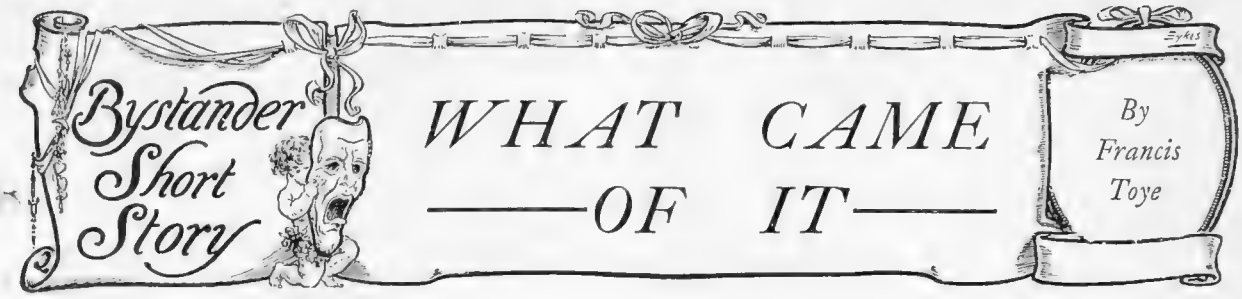
Photographs *Sport and General*

MEMBERS OF THE WEST CARBERY HUNT WAITING WHILE THE HOUNDS DRAW A WOOD

The opening meet of the West Carbery Hounds was held at Skibbereen. The pack consists of fourteen couples of hounds, and is under the control of a Lady Master, Miss Œ. Somerville. The picturesqueness and composition of the photographs are a tribute to the art of the camera, a phrase which, for once, may not be out of place

THE RISING THERMOMETER — AND — THE REASON THEREOF

BY E. F. SHERIE



IT all began from so little—an advertisement in the paper and tea with an old aunt. Half-seriously, half-jokingly, she had asked her nephew, Reginald Elliot, why he did not try to make some money for a change instead of writing books that nobody would publish. For he was a young man of about thirty, with a small fixed income and unlimited literary ambitions, who had abandoned a not unpromising career in the City for the sake of that will-o'-the-wisp, artistic success. And his relations had never quite recovered from the shock. It was bad enough to renounce definitely the regular making of money. It was worse to write "advanced" books—almost ungentlemanly, in fact. Besides, the books were not even printed. But all this has little to do with the present story, except, perhaps, to explain why Elliot ever entertained the idea at all. Here was a chance to make some money—his aunt was right—and to stop the ceaseless nagging of the family for a year or two. Of course, he did not admit as much to his aunt. He told her that he was not at all the kind of person to waste time over things like that. But on his way home he bought the paper and studied the advertisement for himself. It certainly seemed attractive. The proprietors of "Lethe" offered a prize of £300 to the person sending in the three best catch-phrases to advertise that well-known tobacco mixture. There seemed to be no entrance fee and no restrictions. Intending competitors had only to write at once to "Lethe," 33a, The Strand, and full particulars would be forwarded by return of post. Very broad is the path that leadeth to destruction.

Elliot succumbed, and twenty-four hours afterwards received a bulky envelope from the large-hearted managers of "Lethe." There was much valuable information about that excellent product itself; there was still more about the competition. Indeed, Elliot was gratuitously informed that "neither education, wit, wisdom, nor knowledge are required to succeed. Probably the first idea that comes into your head is the best. We do not want anything far-fetched. Just think what you would say if you were telling a friend to smoke 'Lethe.'" But what surprised, and to some extent disgusted him, was the information that every four ideas had to be accompanied by an order for a half-pound tin of "Lethe," price 6*s*. For Elliot was a non-smoker—pipes in particular striking him as unæsthetic and coarse—and he objected on principle to paying for something he could not use. But the necessity of giving his servant some kind of a present at Easter, and the awakened spirit of gambling, proved too strong for him, and on the evening of the tenth day he walked into the nearest post-office and bought a postal order for six shillings. "I owe six bob to a bookseller in Oxford," said he to himself. "Even if I do not go in for the beastly competition after all, the order will not be wasted. True, I had not intended to pay the man this year, but never mind." And he sat down to finish a chapter of his latest book, which was intended to demonstrate the advisability of legalising the existent polygamy in Europe and America.

But in the meantime the gentle owners of "Lethe" had not forgotten the hesitating competitor. The very next morning Elliot received yet another bulky envelope. He opened it with some interest. Obviously somebody connected with "Lethe" was an admirer of a certain unfortunate Egyptian Pharaoh. For under no circumstances whatever did he intend to suffer the enslaved competitors to go.

A letter enclosed ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—You will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that your chance of winning the £300 is an extremely good one. That enormous sum is absolutely and literally *going begging*. For we will confess to you that we have been as much astonished as disgusted by the rubbish forwarded to us. Indeed, we are sure that you will share our opinion after the perusal of the specimens which we have actually received, and of which we send you a selection on the enclosed sheet.

"Now, we have definitely pledged ourselves to award this great prize. Somebody must win it. *Why should it not be you?* Will you, my dear sir, let some other competitor, who maybe has submitted an idea which you, yourself, would not dream of sending, carry off the prize from *under your very nose?* It seems to us that could you but think of something even moderately good, this wonderful piece of good fortune might fall to your share. If not, it will probably lapse to somebody who has sent us comparatively worthless ideas. *Just think what £300 would mean to you.* Take half a sheet of notepaper, and sketch out your plans of spending it, and then take another half-sheet and write down the ideas which may enable you to put those plans into practice.—We are, dear Sir, yours very truly, 'LETHE,' Ltd.

"P.S.—As we intend to close this competition *very shortly*—and we shall inform you of the *exact* date in a further communication—pray allow us to impress upon you the importance of forwarding your suggestions *without delay*."

When Elliot turned his attention to the "enclosed sheet" he cordially agreed with at least one of the reflections of the letter-writer. He thought that never in his life had he read such rubbish. The various competitors must have been either lunatics or practical jokers. One had written:

"I hereby intend just as long as I breathe
To have kippers for breakfast and always smoke
'Lethe.'"

Another wit:

"No lethal chamber is complete without 'Lethe.'"

(All rights strictly reserved)

And another:

"I wonder who will have the last word in this Fiscal Question.

Some woman, of course—if her husband smokes 'Lethe.'"

So that altogether—as may not unlikely have been intended—Elliot felt greatly inspirited by this document, and hastened to despatch his ideas and his postal order at once.

After the lapse of a month he received another letter from "Lethe" to the effect that he had been successful. He was never so astonished in his life. Accustomed by long and bitter experience to the regular return of manuscripts through the post, he had come to regard that admirable public service as nothing but a cynical destroyer of illusions. So that the complimentary letter (neatly typewritten with a fac-simile signature at the bottom) which was brought by his servant in the morning, actually got him out of bed one hour earlier than usual. His excitement knew no bounds. He gave a dinner-party to six friends. He kissed his aunt, and he paid his tailor's bill. But a day or two afterwards the thoughtless owners of "Lethe" published his name in all the papers as the winner of "our magnificent prize," and he was immediately inundated with begging letters of all descriptions.

He received, perhaps, thirty a day, which so irritated him that he refused to open any letters at all, thus estranging many old and valuable friends who, learning of his good fortune, had written to ask him to lunch.

Nevertheless, his troubles were only just beginning. One day, as he was walking down the Kingsway, he noticed some bill-posters engaged in fixing an advertisement to a hoarding. Out of curiosity he stopped to watch what it would be. Strip after strip was pasted up till at last it slowly materialised into the latter half of a sentence. Good heavens! Could it be? Another strip was pasted up, and yet another. It was. There could be no further doubt. It was, indeed, his first and best idea.

"Smoke 'Lethe' and forget your troubles."

The bill-posters suddenly vanished, one carrying the ladder and the pot of paste and the other wheeling a hand-cart full of rolls of paper. In huge red letters it flamed there alone in its glory, totally eclipsing the other occupants of the hoarding. Elliot's first sensation was one of immense pride. This was his child, his first-born. Only an unsuccessful author can appreciate the dionysiac joy of seeing his thoughts in print for the first time. And Elliot was very unsuccessful, and the print was very large. Never, as he thought, had there been such a glorious début. He went into a restaurant near by and ordered lunch. About an hour later he came and stood before the advertisement again, as if to assure himself that it had not been taken down in the meantime. Then he strolled off to his club, where he met a friend—one of the six who had been entertained at dinner—who told him that on a temporary hoarding in the Edgware Road was a large pictorial poster with one of Elliot's catch-phrases underneath.

He immediately jumped into a taxi-cab and drove to the spot. The picture represented the Thames Embankment covered with snow. Over the parapet was leaning a wretched individual, clad in dirty rags, with no boots to speak of. He obviously contemplated suicide, but a cheerful, rubicund workman had seized his arm affectionately with one hand and was offering him something with the other. Under was written in most insistent type:

"Don't drown yourself: Try 'Lethe.'"

Again Elliot felt a thrill of pride, but not so great a thrill as in the morning. The novelty of the sensation was beginning to wear off. During the next few days he made the acquaintance of his remaining two compositions, one in the tube, and the other on a motor-omnibus. But he only took a passing interest in them. Success doth make such dullards of us all.

Now, it is obviously impossible to chronicle all Elliot's doings during the next three months. Suffice it to say, that gradually the first two posters became more and more distasteful to him. The other two did not bother him much. They were not so inevitable. Besides, the public failed to appreciate them properly. So they presently disappeared from human ken, and were beaten up into pulp to reappear as the *Pink 'Un* or the *Church Times*. But the two masterpieces grew in popularity every day. Indeed, it has since been calculated that they were worth ten thousand a year to the proprietors of "Lethe." But Elliot cared for none of these things. The advertisements were getting on his nerves. He could not enter a tube or hail an omnibus or open a paper without finding himself confronted by—

"Smoke 'Lethe' and forget your troubles."

He could not pass a hoarding without his eye being arrested by the sight of the wretched individual, clad in dirty rags, with no boots to speak of, and the advice:

"Don't drown yourself: Try 'Lethe.'"

Now, this worry may sound exceedingly insignificant to one who has never been similarly situated. But to Elliot it began to assume gigantic proportions. He felt as if haunted by some relentless monster. His nerves were all on edge. He would make long *détours* to avoid one of the posters. He slept badly and lost weight. He had to give up writing altogether. The climax was reached on June 17. For he woke up that morning to find the picture-poster staring at him from the other side of the road. The house opposite was being rebuilt, and the palisading had been let to a firm of advertisement contractors. With lustreless eyes he gazed at the horror, and finally collapsed into an armchair to think what he should do. To remain where he was seemed utterly impossible; to abandon the flat altogether would cost more than he could afford. He must obviously try to let it immediately. So with that intention he sallied forth to do the round of all the house-agents in the vicinity. But Fate had set her mark on poor Elliot. Before the luckless competition he had not been a pipe-smoker. In the hour of victory, however, flushed with enthusiasm and gratitude, he had thought he owed it to "Lethe" to experiment in that foible. And the experiment had pleased him so well that he continued till the foible became a passion, almost a vice. Now, June 17 was a Friday, and every Friday the tobacconist sent him a tin of "Lethe" for weekly consumption. In spite of his growing hatred and fear of the advertisements,

(*Continued on page 372*)

This Model made in a new material, unstretchable tricot, which gives all the ease of a more ordinary tricot, but retains its shape to the last. Model as sketch is low in bust and deep on hip and fitted with 2 pairs suspenders; **Price 45/6**

The same material in a short corset at **31/6**, or a medium corset at **38/6**; made in white only

The PERFECT ELINOR TEMPLE CORSETS

Are now being displayed in our New Corset Department

On the first floor

WE recommend these Corsets to you as being, from every standpoint—fit, style and hygiene—the finest Corset that has so far been designed. No pressure anywhere, yet the body is carefully moulded to the graceful slim effect now the mode. We make to order if desired and spare no trouble in correctly fitting you. Will you kindly come and see the Corsets? They cannot be obtained elsewhere

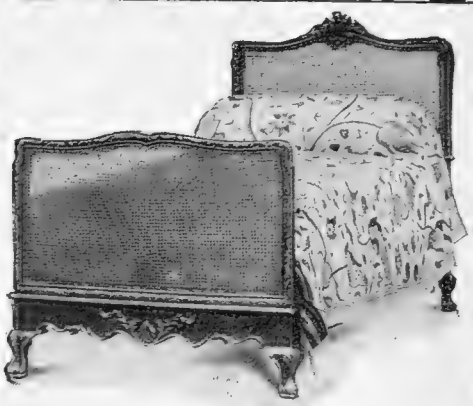
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Limited

By appointment to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen, H.M. Queen Alexandra & H.M. The Queen of Norway.

Vere Street and Oxford Street

LONDON, W.



A CHIPPENDALE BED.

Designed after the manner of Chippendale, this bed is beautifully made in mahogany, dull polished, with double caned panels at head and foot. The frame work is exquisitely decorated with hand carving and the workmanship throughout bears the Heal mark of excellence.

A book illustrating many other "Wood Bedsteads" will be sent free to "Bystander" readers.

HEAL & SON

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

Healthy Children Happy Mothers.

The 'Allenburys' Milk Foods are made from perfectly fresh full-cream milk, so modified as to closely resemble human milk. They develop firm flesh and bone and promote robust Health and Vigour.

Milk Food No. 1, from birth to 3 months.
Milk Food No. 2, from 3 to 6 months.
Maited Food No. 3, from 6 months.
The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted), from 10 months.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

☞ Pamphlet "Infant Feeding and Management" sent free.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
Lombard St., London

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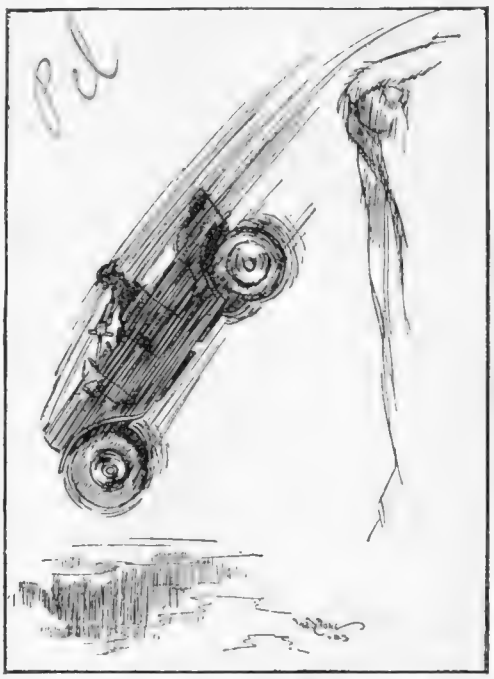
(Continued from page 370)

Elliot had not given up the mixture, partly because he liked it better than any other, partly because he did not wish to admit his morbid dislike even to himself. But on that day, when he returned home about four o'clock and opened the parcel, he suddenly threw the tin into the waste-paper basket with astonishing violence. For the first time it was inscribed with the deadly words:

"Smoke 'Lethe' and forget your troubles."

The next day he left England and installed himself in a small village on the coast of Brittany. Here, at least, he would be free from this monster.

But two days after his arrival he found in the little garden of the hotel an old tin thrown away by some careless English visitor. It was "Lethe," of course. Elliot knew it long before he could read the letters on the tin—and, sure enough, there was his advertisement emphasised rather than obliterated by the morning dew. From its total unexpectedness more than anything else, this discovery so maddened Elliot that he left the place on the very same afternoon for an extended tour in the remote parts of Brittany. Nowhere, however, could he escape from his enemy. Did he pass a tobacconist's shop in Dinan, Brest, or Paimpol he was sure to see in the window an advertisement of "Lethe," specially procured for the benefit of the ubiquitous English tourist. He quitted Brittany in disgust, but all over France the demon pursued him relentlessly. He tried Italy, but in the restaurant-car of the train from Florence to Rome was a large advertisement of the newly invented "Lethe" cigarettes. He got out at the next stopping-place, and fled to Germany. There he found that the cooking and the music were both so bad that the one gave him insomnia and the other a headache. So, haunted by a practically continuous nightmare, he left within a fortnight for Russia. There the Government had just granted a monopoly in foreign tobacco to the "Lethe" Company, and every tobacconist made a point of offering it to the Englishman on every possible occasion. He retreated incontinently to Siberia, and for a week he was at peace. He took advantage of this respite to do his accounts. To his dismay he found that his mad flight through Europe had consumed the whole of his prize-money but fifteen pounds. On the whole, however, he did not regret the expenditure, for at last he seemed free. But the end was very near. One day he had occasion to go to the small market-town of Tschab to cash a letter of credit, and there he met an English commercial traveller. The man, delighted to find a compatriot in such an out-of-the-way place, insisted on taking Elliot to dinner with him at his hotel. After dinner he observed casually:



A HEAVIER THAN AIR MACHINE

"My dear fellow, you really ought to smoke 'Lethe.' It will make you forget your troubles."

Elliot started up with a cry:

"Good Heavens!" he said. "What on earth induced you to say that? Tell me—tell me at once."

The commercial traveller smiled at his excitement.

"Quite simple," he replied. "'Lethe' have started a new plan of advertisement. Every tin of tobacco they issue now bears a number. The numbers are registered in the office, and every month ten of them are drawn by lot. They are then published in the papers, and the owners of the tins bearing those numbers become entitled to twenty pounds a-piece on the condition that they will sign an agreement to help the sale of 'Lethe.' They are asked to promise to bring the famous advertisement into their conversation at least once a day for a month. I've got a bit behind-hand since I've been out here. I did very well in England the first three or four days, however. And on the boat it wasn't so dusty. But here I haven't got a dog's chance. So I hope you'll excuse me. It's a good idea, isn't it?"

But Elliot didn't answer a word. He sat with his head in his hands and moaned. He would never be safe now, never. At any moment he might meet a wandering apostle of "Lethe." True, the actual chances of such an occurrence were small, but the moral effect of the bare possibility was incalculable. With a muttered excuse he hurried away, leaving the bewildered commercial traveller to wonder exactly what kind of lunacy this strange Englishman suffered from.

The rest of the story is soon told. Elliot slunk rather than travelled to Vladivostock. There he bought a gramophone and two or three mechanical toys. Henceforward his movements are shrouded in mystery. But it is known that he set off in the direction of the South Seas. Indeed, it has been conjectured that, by the means of his otherwise meaningless purchases, he made himself chief of a tribe of savages inhabiting one of the larger and more remote islands.

Colour is lent to this idea by the fact that the recent anthropological researches of Mr. A. R. Brown have discovered a certain tribe, among whom the utterance of a word very much like "Lethe" brings instant death to the offender. The learned anthropologist thinks that this particular word signifies a devil worshipped by the ignorant islanders—resting his hypothesis on an analogy with the famous devil-worshippers of Asia Minor, where a similar custom used to prevail. But we who know the true story of Reginald Elliot and the absolute power wielded by a divinely sent chieftain such as he must have seemed to his subjects are, at least, entitled to prefer our own opinion.

FRANCIS TOYE

Shem-el-Nessim

SCENT of ARABY

THIS exquisite perfume is unique in its daintiness and charm. No scent has ever been produced to equal it in delicacy and fragrance.

In order that Shem-el-Nessim may be enjoyed to the very fullest extent, the perfume has been combined with a most complete outfit of toilet accessories. Each one of these is the most perfect article of its kind in use, and all possess the exquisite fragrance of the original scent.

Perfume, 2/6, 4/6, and 8/6. Hair Lotion, 3/3. Toilet Water, 3/-. Bath Crystals, 2/6 and 4/6. Face Powder, 1/-. Dentifrice, 1/-. Toilet Cream, 1/9 per pot. Soap, 1/- per tablet. Brilliantine, 1/- and 1/9. Sachet, 6d. Cachous, 3d. per box.

Shem-el-Nessim and its various preparations can be obtained of all chemists and perfumers.

J. GROSSMITH & SON,

DISTILLERS OF PERFUME, **NEWGATE ST., LONDON, E.C.**

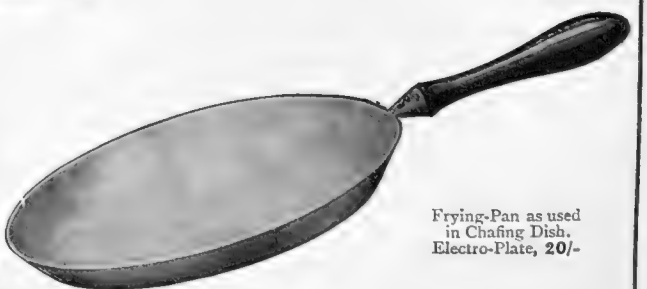
Harrods SUPERFINE ELECTRO-PLATE

Egg-Poacher for use in Chafing Dish. Electro-Plate, **12/6** Extra

THE CHAFING DISH

An invaluable Table Requisite, which makes it possible to serve a "Dish" as soon as cooked, and therefore in its best condition. Write for explanatory Booklet, which will be sent post free on application.

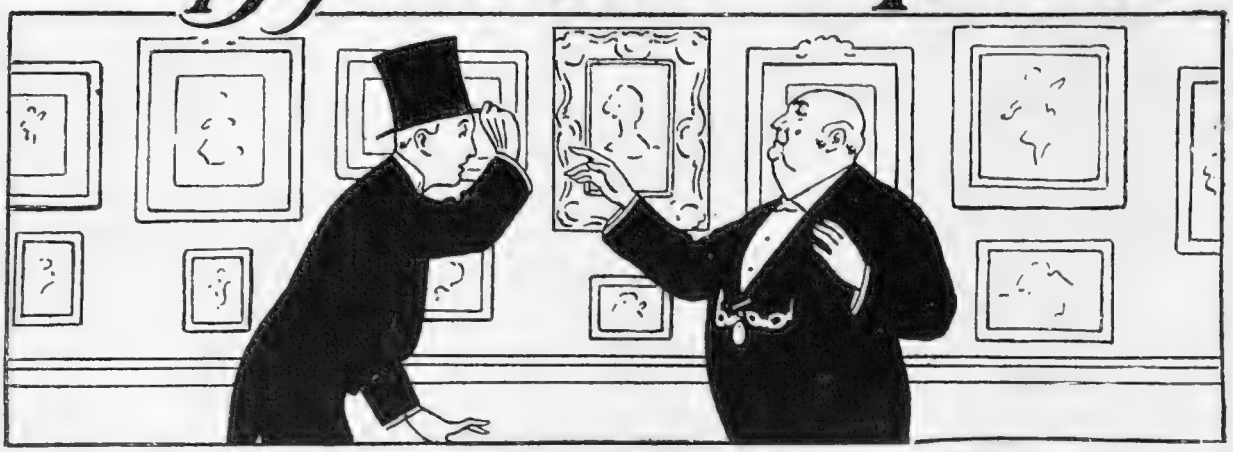
Price, with Dish, Pan, and Cover, as illustrated (8 in. dish), **£3 10 0**



Frying-Pan as used in Chafing Dish. Electro-Plate, **20/-**

HARRODS LTD. (Richard Burbidge, Managing Director) LONDON S.W.

The Bystander in PARIS



"A personage in knee-breeches and a silver chain, who told me, in a whisper, to remove my hat"

A RÉPÉTITION GÉNÉRALE AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

A First Visit

There was a fog the day before yesterday; yesterday it rained cats and dogs; to-day overcoats were unbearable—the winter season is beginning. And fogs bring me quite naturally to the first new play of the season at the Comédie Française, which is *Bagatelle*, by Monsieur Paul Hervieu. There is something about the Comédie Française which makes it unlike any theatre in the world. There is as much difference between the Français and any other Paris theatre as there is between the Quai d'Orsay and a post-office. I shall never forget my first visit behind the scenes at the Comédie. I thought I had made a mistake. To begin with, the corridors are carpeted and warm. Then, when I was looking for Madame Bartet's dressing-room, I met a personage in knee-breeches and a silver chain, who told me, in a whisper, to remove my hat. I very nearly took my boots off, too—I felt so humble.

The Répétition Générale

And Madame Bartet called me "Monsieur," and spoke much more politely than the duchesses I knew. There were no "*mon petit*" or "*dis, mon vieux*" in her conversation. She offered me a chocolate. I wished I had a snuff-box with me. Since then I have got quite used to the Français, in front and behind the scenes; but I shall never be familiar with so statesmanlike an institution. I am sure that the prompter says, "*Pardon, messieurs et mesdames*," before he ventures to prompt. A *répétition générale* at the Français has its own peculiar flavour, too. We privileged people who attend these dress rehearsals regularly sit in the same seats always. We are always the same people. Our tickets are not confided to the penny post. The Français does not believe in these new-fangled methods.

"Madame Bartet called me 'Monsieur,' and . . . . offered me a chocolate"

Businesslike Methods

On the day before the dress rehearsal, at about midday, a messenger rings your bell and asks for you by name. He presents you with a small brown envelope containing your ticket, and you sign a receipt for it. The dress rehearsals are invariably on Saturday afternoons at half-past one for ten minutes to two. You don't need your ticket, of course; because everybody knows you, and you know your place. The old lady with the pink ribbons in her white cap, who looks after my coat, has greeted me with, "I think that monsieur will amuse himself to-day," on the dress rehearsal of every new play at the Français for the last——no. I won't tell you that. But it is her fifty-first year at the Comédie, she told me last Saturday, and—well, I remember the first night of "*Denise*" there, and that was twenty-seven years ago. Things haven't changed a bit.

Monsieur Paul Mounet

On Saturday we talked in whispers still, greeted one another in the corridors as though we belonged to the century before last, and the only man in rough tweeds was Monsieur Paul Mounet. Monsieur Paul Mounet glories in roughness, as his brother, Mounet-Sully, glories in gentle courtesy. Both are great classic actors, and their affection for one another in private life is touching. I remember not long ago listening to Paul Mounet at the Café de la Régence. He was extolling his brother's good qualities. "I admire, I respect, I revere Mounet-Sully like a god," said his brother. Just then Mounet-Sully came across from the theatre. "Paul," he said, "it is terribly late, and you have a matinée to-morrow." "Oh, go to Hell!" said Paul Mounet, "I am not a baby in arms."

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Paul Hervieu's "Bagatelle"

But I am getting away from the Comédie Française and Saturday's performance of *Bagatelle*, by Paul Hervieu. By the way, the author's name was not on the programme. It never is at *répétitions générales*. In these days of frenetic newsgetting everybody, of course, knows the name of the author long before; but by a pleasing fiction it is announced at the end of the performance, and the audience stands and cheers the announcement. The cheers were not very hearty at the end of *Bagatelle*. Monsieur Paul Hervieu's play was built on eighteenth-century lines with nineteenth-century solidity. He made it clear to us—too clear—that French Society trifled too lightly with the misdeeds of the little son of Venus, and he put his point about as clumsily as I have.

The Story

There were two couples—or, rather, one couple and a man and a woman unattached. The unattached man is the married man's devoted friend, and tries to win his wife from her allegiance. The wife laughs at him till, by the time-honoured method of a letter written in a secluded nook "where nobody ever goes," she gets proof that her husband and the unattached lady are planning treason to her married happiness. Then there is a third act, in which everybody stands confessed a wanton and bursts into tears, and the curtain goes down on a query as to forgiveness. There was perfect acting. The men and women on the stage looked and spoke like Society's real people; but there was no communicative thrill from the stage to the audience. And yet I am wrong.

A Thrill

There was one such thrill, and it rose and it grew and it spread, as nothing of the kind could rise and spread and rebound anywhere except at a Paris *répétition générale*, where the packed house is filled with people who are intimate acquaintances, and who know everybody on the stage. Monsieur Albert Lambert *fils* played the husband in *Bagatelle*. When he first came on nobody recognised him. Lambert has for years imitated Mounet-Sully inasmuch as he has always played in his own beard. On Saturday he had shaved. He had been on the stage two minutes (and you know what a long time that is on the stage) before we recognised him. When we did so, we hummed, buzzed, and twittered with excitement like a beehive in the sun. And someone near me whispered, "*C'est son rôle qui l'aura rasé.*" And I—irreverent, flippant I—said, "Hush!" The Français has that effect on one, somehow.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL

"THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL"

This year THE BYSTANDER is inviting its readers to join it in an extra *tour de valse* in the shape of THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL, which, on this occasion, takes the place of the usual Christmas Number. It will appear on Friday, the 29th inst., and will be throughout of a light, festive, and seasonable character. It will contain a luxurious selection of charming colour-plates, of which it is impossible to give an adequate idea in advance. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Lawson Wood's "Christmas in Holloway" is alone worth the cost of the issue, and is one of a dozen first-rate specimens of up-to-date work in this form. Among the short stories may be mentioned Mr. E. F. Benson's "A Little Headache," the scene of which is laid in Switzerland in winter. Of very timely interest is a story entitled "A Maiden Speech," the romance of a Parliamentary masquerade. The nature of the plot is of a kind which will attract great attention among Suffragettes. As a double-page colour-plate is presented a clever study by E. F. Sherie, entitled "What Pater Said to the French Governess," further description of which we decline to give here. There is a rather amusing burlesque of the invasion scare by Oliver Madox Hueffer and Philip Baynes, entitled "The Invasion of 1915," in which an entirely novel *débâcle* is prophesied for our friend the enemy. Walter Emanuel is responsible for a paper entitled "The Undertaker." The black-and-white sketches will be found up to the usual BYSTANDER standard, that is to say, they are clever, caustic, and convincing.

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The Value of Clubs.

BY BART KENNEDY

THE club is a place where an Englishman may really breathe. He can take his ease and be himself. If he wants to talk, he can talk. If he wants to sit in solemn, glum silence, there is no one to bother him. The club is his haven.

Of course, there are rules by which he must abide. He may be rude to a man, but under no provocation must he strike him. Striking a man in a club means that the striker goes forth into the lonesome cold. This law is the one, unchangeable, absolute law of a club. If a man uses fist-force, and the committee have official cognizance of it, out he goes, it matters not how interesting or great or wonderful he may be. This rule is a rule of the wisest. It makes for real democracy. It puts the smallest skimp of a man upon a level with the burly, prize-fighter person.

Side usually meets with a sad fate in a club. You may do the most famous thing that ever happened, and you may feel your fame swelling in your head, but that won't prevent some unfamous, sharp-tongued, irreverent man getting at you. You may be a person with a pedigree a league long, but this pedigree won't help you a bit if you make an aristocratic nuisance of yourself. You may have wealth galore, and that won't ensure you having a good time. The only thing that will ensure you having a good time is being a good boy—or, rather, a good fellow.

The best clubs, of course, are the clubs where one must have some proper qualification to be eligible for membership. In a club of this character a healthy rudeness prevails, especially if the qualification be professional or artistic. But even clubs where every Tom, Dick, and Harry may get into are not bad. In England clubs are healthily rude in tone.

Not that the rude man has it all his own way. Oh, no indeed. There is always some other rude or sneery person who joins issue with him. There is always someone ready and willing to give him what for, as the saying is. The club is, in a sense, a brotherly kind of battlefield, where everyone must more or less toe the mark. And a good thing too. If a man who is by nature anti-social joins a club, he will have to get on or get out, as a certain deep modern philosopher puts it. For the time he will have a time that is not rosy. He will be sent to Coventry. And Coventry is a very bad place indeed to reside in—in a club.

There is many a man whose first real education only begins when he joins a club. All through his life he may have had everything his own way. He may always have been on the sunny side of the street. Perhaps he is a person of wealth, and has been in the habit of receiving the low bows of the abject. Or he may be a famous person who has fed for a long time on the sweet honey of praise. Or he may have been spoiled by having too many servants to do things for him that he ought to do himself. Alas, poor man! If I may so put it, someone in the club is absolutely certain to give him the walloping of his life. And all that he can do is to grin and bear it. And learn to be good.

You can, of course, belong to a club and never go there—or you may keep by yourself. But if you are going to do that you might as well not belong to the club at all. If you are going to get what there is good out of the club you must join in the life and give and take knocks.

We live, I may say, in a world of knocks, and why the club is of such value is because of the fact that in it no outside advantages are allowed to any man. Neither fame nor rank nor wealth really count. The only thing that you can depend upon is your mother wit. And here let me put forth the iron fact that there is many a clever man who has received not the reward that is due to him. Reward and fame are quite often things that come one's way by chance. Therefore is it that you, a famous man, may quite often come across one—whom you think to be a nobody—who is really a better man than yourself in your own profession. I speak now, of course, mainly of clubs where the qualification for membership is professional. But even in clubs outside of these there is, as a rule, a democratic atmosphere. I don't say that in a club one man is as good as another. That can never be. But in a club a fool is not allowed to come it over a better man just because of some outside advantage. And in a club a clever man must stand for what he really is, and not for what people outside think he is.

There are men who say that a club wastes time. Well, all I can say is that there will be time to waste even after they are gone. And there is such a thing as wasting time in the getting of a fortune. There is many a man who has bought a fortune too dearly. There is many a man who has bought fame too dearly. It must never be forgotten that leisure is a grand thing.

One can be a club loafer, I know. But one can also be a public-house loafer, or an hotel-lounge loafer. If a man is a loafer, he is one who has been born to the art. And he might as well loaf in a club as anywhere else.

In a club you really get to know a man. For needless is it to say that everyone knows everything about everybody else. This can't be avoided. And it is a very good thing. For it makes for an effective public opinion. It makes for the sound criticism of one another that has caused man to advance. A man who refuses to stand criticism is a man who can't afford to stand it.

The naturalness of life in a club induces that finest of all virtues, *camaraderie*. It teaches men really to know men. It forces home the fact that we are all much of the same common stock—whether we be wise or brilliant or foolish. And to know man is to be tolerant of man. To realise that he is, after all, very much as you are yourself is to be easy with what you consider to be his failings. You are critical of him, of course, but your criticism is tempered by kindliness.

What we suffer most from in the world is the severity of attitude towards our fellows due to our ignorance of them. We don't know a man, and we condemn him. Someone says something against a man, and we accept their statement, never thinking of the fact that if we knew this man ourselves we might like him. Life wouldn't be half as awkward as it is if we realised that the stranger has probably as many good points about him as we have ourselves.

And that is where the value of the life of clubs comes in. It gets us into the habit of trying to understand our fellow-men.

BART KENNEDY

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Fisher's Advertising Agency

Appalling Discovery which affects Your Hair

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Royal Hair Specialist's Generous Offer to All Readers

THE DISCOVERY

Mr. Edwards, the leading Court hair specialist and inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has made an appalling discovery.

He has discovered that hundreds of thousands of ladies and gentlemen to-day are quite unknowingly doing their utmost to murder their hair.

These ladies and gentlemen, who are doubtless most particular over their appearance, are unconsciously actually cultivating baldness

The distressing picture on the left, with the enlarged photograph of a hair and its root in the scalp, shows only too plainly how this is.

There is an accumulation of scurf literally choking the hair-root and allowing it no nourishment. The hair is being slowly but surely murdered.

"But I can carefully wash my head and remove that scurf," someone replies.

This is a most appalling error.

Mr. Edwards has discovered that *no amount of washing* the scalp can remove anything but a small portion of this accumulation.

Think what this means.

It means that you, who are so particular of your personal cleanliness, are actually permitting an accumulation of scurf and filth to collect on your head and thereby murder your hair. No wonder you are filled with disgust.

Here you have in graphic form displayed the terrible nature of Mr. Edwards' discovery. The head on the left is the result of neglecting to drill your hair with "Harlene." Note the enlarged photograph of a single hair and see how the root is choked with scurf. On the right you see a Harlene Hair-Drilled head with its rich growth of hair. Note again the enlarged photograph shown alongside the picture—note the absence of scurf, the entire cleanliness, and the healthy state of the hair. Your head is one of these two. Send to-day for the Free Sample Outfit, and make it the Harlene Hair-Drilled head of rich, flowing hair

No hair can withstand the insidious attacks of this loathsome scurf.

You may not have noticed it yet, but this is what will surely happen. Your hair will

—Lose its elasticity,
—Become brittle,
—Split at the ends,
—Lose its gloss and lustre,
—Become faded and grey,
—Fall out in handfuls.

BALDNESS, PARTIAL OR ENTIRE, THREATENS YOU

Is it not a truly terrible prospect?

But Mr. Edwards has not only made this appalling discovery; he has gone further, and furnished the remedy for this disgusting condition.

He has invented a secret process which enables you to thoroughly cleanse the scalp, dissolve away *all* scurf and actually nourish the hair roots, producing and retaining that rich, flowing growth so much admired.

This secret method is the famous "Harlene Hair-Drill," as used daily by all possessors of flowing hair, from Royalty downwards.

Unless you wish to murder your hair—but, of course, you do not wish to continue doing so now that you have seen how terrible the effects of neglect are—you must start your "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day.

It takes only two minutes daily to keep your scalp free from scurfy accumulation, and ensure a marvellous growth of hair.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders just by two minutes' practice every day:

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—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair
—Irritation of the Scalp.

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Below there is printed a Coupon. Fill it up and send it (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

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2. A packet of "Cremex" for the scalp, a delightful Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which show you how, by practising them for two minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene for the Hair" in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; "Cremex" in 1*s.* boxes of seven shampoos, single shampoos 2*d.*, or you can obtain them post-free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit Free.

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The Bystander, Nov. 13, 1912. *Foreign Stamps accepted.*

A Horrible Threat

PERSUASIVE LADY: "Now then, if you don't take your bottle like a good boy, 'erbert, I'll give it to the gentleman!"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

A Sailor's Yarns

I ONCE met on board a small Australian steamer a first mate who assuredly had more extraordinary yarns to tell than any other man afloat. He had been everywhere and seen everything. He had killed two men at one blow, and had seen the Flying Dutchman and the sea-serpent on the same day. He had, all unaided, quelled the biggest mutiny that ever was, and would doubtless have married the mermaid whom, I gathered, he had met in the Antarctic Ocean, had she been provided with the usual number of legs. And he had an agreeable habit of saying, "I wouldn't tell *you* a lie," as if to imply that, with a fine fellow like myself, a lie would be a mere waste of breath.

Well Worth Reading

I was reminded of that first mate by a character in *Yarns from a Captain's Log* (Blackwood: 6*s*.), by R. Bowline, Skipper, and R. R. C. Gregory. Mr. Gregory explains in an introductory note to the book that he is no more than the skipper's scribe, and Mr. Bowline—who, I understand, was for many years a commander in one of our merchant services—must, therefore, be considered the real author. And without doubt he can spin a mighty good yarn. As an apprentice on board one of the old sailing vessels, he had a rough enough time, but must have enjoyed the extraordinary stories he heard from William Harding, bo'sun—the character who reminded me of my friend in Australia. Most of the thirty-one yarns here included tell of the days before Mr. Bowline found himself on a steamer, all of them are well worth reading, and one or two quite out of the ordinary. To read the book is to imagine yourself sitting in some comfortable bar at Portsmouth or Liverpool, with a glass by your side, and a cheery old man with a weather-beaten face chatting merrily in the opposite chair.

Saki: Novelist

Saki, otherwise Mr. H. H. Munro, who is a frequent contributor to THE BYSTANDER, has written a novel. It is called *The Unbearable Bassington* (John Lane: 6*s*.). With all respect, it might have been called anything else you please. It breaks every respectable canon laid down for the guidance of young novelists. And it is extraordinarily witty. The oddest thing about it is that there is really a Bassington in the book—an exquisite young man, who bears the Pagan name of Comus, and has an uncle and a mother. Comus ought to have married an heiress, but thought fit to steal one of her butter-dishes instead. When she married someone else, he sent her the butter-dish as a wedding present. That succinctly describes Comus and his attitude towards things in general. And, as the small schoolboy wrote when describing the life and adventures of Lord Nelson, "he afterwards died." So much for Comus, who left all the things that he loved in London, and died in Africa on a serious note.

A Witty Writer

But Comus is only a small part of the book. There are numerous other people, all with the weirdest possible names—Saki has evidently taken to heart certain recent libel actions—all delightfully caricatured, all amazingly preposterous and entertaining. Saki is one of the wittiest writers of to-day. He alone could speak of "one of those illnesses to which you are expected to send grapes." Only he could describe the bridge party in Chapter VII. Only he could have invented the names of Spelvexit and Veula and Mrs. Greech. And only he could have described a man's clothes as "having been made more in Southwark than in anger." I want, of course, to fill this page with quotations; but that is not fair. You must read about Comus and his friends and enemies for yourself. Here is a book "which has no moral"—a deliciously freakish concoction which, "if it points out an evil, at any rate suggests no remedy." You do not expect a remedy from Saki. This is the author of *Reginald* at his—Saki's, not *Reginald's*—best.

"SAKI" (MR. H. H. MUNRO)

The witty young author, well known to "Bystander" readers, whose novel, "The Unbearable Bassington," just published, contains the "bons mots" of the season

(Specially photographed by E. O. Hoppé)

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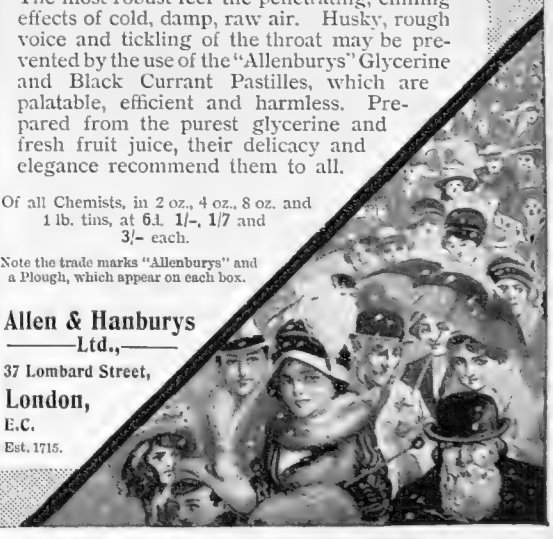

The Ultimate Conclusion

Mr. A. G. Fox-Davies is a good writer of detective stories, and has created a number of characters to whom, as he tells us in his latest novel, *The Ultimate Conclusion* (John Long: 6*s*.), he has become greatly attached. And so here we are reintroduced to Ashley Tempest, the barrister, to the Duchess of Merioneth, to Savile Chester and Lord Lanchester, and to several other people whose names will be familiar to those who have followed the various cases in which Tempest has had a hand. *The Ultimate Conclusion* is nothing like so good a story as *The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley* or *The Dangerville Inheritance*, but it goes along with a swing, and will find many readers who like exciting romance, with inquests and mysterious deaths and old family scandals and lurid and semi-legal things of that kind; and in Mr. Fox-Davies's next book, Ashley Temple may, perhaps, be allowed to marry his Duchess. By this time he has surely deserved her.

The Secret of Immortality

In *Rembrandt: a Romance of the Anti-Christ* (E. Macdonald: 6*s*.), Mr. Hugh Ormond Temple tells of a wonderful discovery made by the usual scientific professor of fiction. Professor Rembrandt apparently discovers the secret of immortality, and proposes to inoculate anyone who cares for the privilege and will pay for it. The various Churches find it necessary—although I do not see why—to alter their teachings; but one clergyman stands out against the rest, and fights tooth and nail in the most approved fashion. In the end, the Professor comes to grief and righteousness prevails. The actual story has points of interest, and is well worth reading, even if there is a general air of vagueness hanging over the pages, and the working out of the theme does rather suggest that Mr. Temple had trodden his path nervously.

Two Reprints

I should like to draw attention to two reprints just published. That extremely interesting book, *Coke of Norfolk* (John Lane: 12*s*. 6*d*. net), by Mrs. Stirling, may now be obtained in one volume, well printed and well illustrated; and *The Court of the Tuileries* (Chatto and Windus: 5*s*. net), by Le Petit Homme Rouge, should find a wide public in its cheaper form.

RALPH STRAUS

"Baily's Hunting Directory," 1912-13

"Baily's Hunting Directory" for 1912-13 makes its sixteenth annual appearance at the beginning of the hunting season. The entire matter has been overhauled and corrected, and extends to over 500 pages. There have been many alterations in the *personnel* of the staffs of our great hunts, and all these are faithfully recorded. Names and addresses of officials, kennel locations, dates and places of meets, sizes of packs, chief and best centres for reaching meets, character of the country, tattoo marks, a brief history of each Hunt, and a host of other details have all been checked and scrutinised by either the Master or the Hunt secretary in each case. All told, particulars of 533 Hunts are given, and they are to be summarised as follows: Foxhounds, 214; harriers, 128; staghounds, 19; draghounds, 12; foot harriers and beagles, 102; otterhounds, 22; total United Kingdom, 497; foreign and Colonial, 36; grand total, 533. Altogether, "Baily's Hunting Directory" for 1912-13 will be found worthily to uphold the high position attained by its predecessors as the standard annual on its subject. The "Directory" is published at 5*s*. net, post free 5*s*. 4*d*., by Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C.

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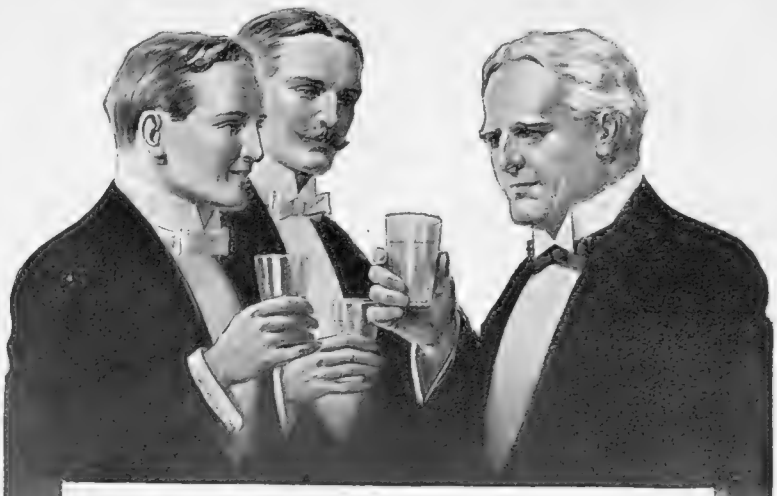

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RACING: The Derby Cup. By CARBINE

The Leading Jockeys

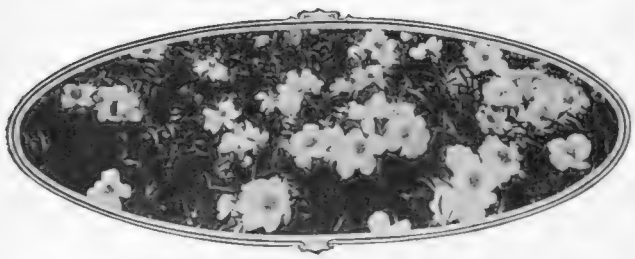
Frank Wootton's performance of riding four successive winners at Liverpool last week was one of the best achievements of the season, and gives him a fairly good lead on the list of winning jockeys. It has been a very close thing between Wootton and Maher for the championship this season. They both ride about the same weight now, and have, therefore, equal chances of success. It will be remembered that Frank Wootton was suspended for a month during the summer, and but for that he would not have had much difficulty in maintaining the position of champion jockey which he has filled for several seasons past.

Riders With a Future

The feature of the season, so far as the jockeys are concerned, has been the rapid advance of A. Whalley, who is a good third on the list, and has been retained again as Mr. Leopold Rothschild's first jockey next year. He rides at a small weight, and is not likely to get much heavier; so the future seems to be very bright for him. I don't think it can be said that the season has yielded many promising young jockeys. Among the few good boys is W. Smyth, who is one of Mr. Wootton's apprentices. His employer thinks so highly of him that he told me a few weeks ago that he thought Smyth would eventually make the best jockey in England. The same trainer has another very good light-weight apprentice in E. Huxley; while a third boy in this stable who will soon come to the front when he gets a chance is young McKenna. An excellent apprentice, too, is Ledson, who, up to the present, has done most of his riding in the North of England.

Derby and Newbury

This week the most important event will be the Derby Cup on Thursday, in which a large number of the horses that ran in the Cesarewitch can meet again at different weights. They include Warlingham, who won the big Newmarket race so easily that he must have a chance at Derby even under his substantially increased weight. I expect the race, however, to be won by **Wagstaff,** who is a much-improved three-year-old. Next to him, I should take Election and Bowman, both of whom will be well suited by the distance. Among other events at Derby, the Chatsworth Plate, on Wednesday, may be won by **Ask Papa,** and the Osmaston Nursery, the same afternoon, may fall to **Mickey Free.** For the Friary Nursery, on Thursday, my selection is **Final Shot.** Racegoers in the South of England will assemble in good force at Newbury at the end of the week. There will be some big fields, and, no doubt, winners will be very hard to find. The November Nursery, on Friday, may be secured by **Casetta;** and I fancy **Epheric** for the Ormonde Stakes. If this colt should not be sent from the North of England, the race may be won by **Lance Chest.** On the following day comes the Newbury Autumn Handicap, which may be won by **Winthorpe.**



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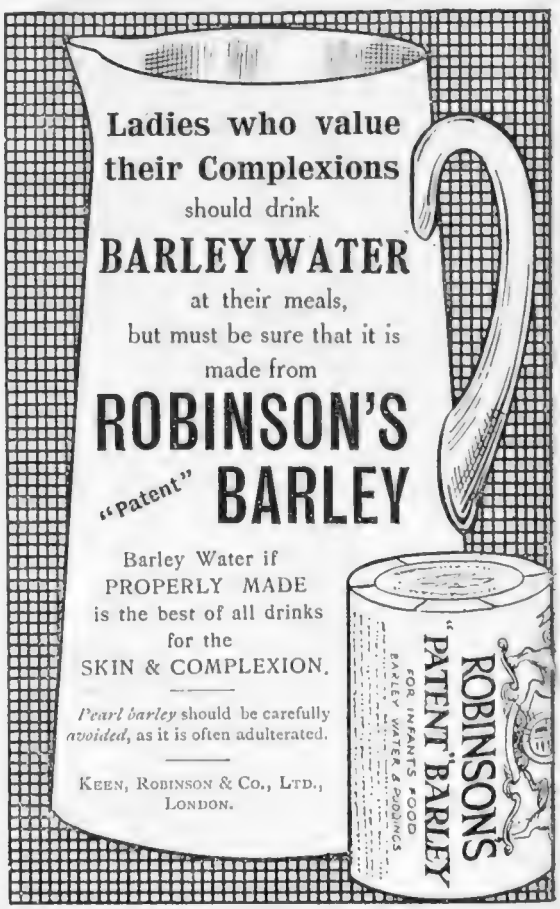

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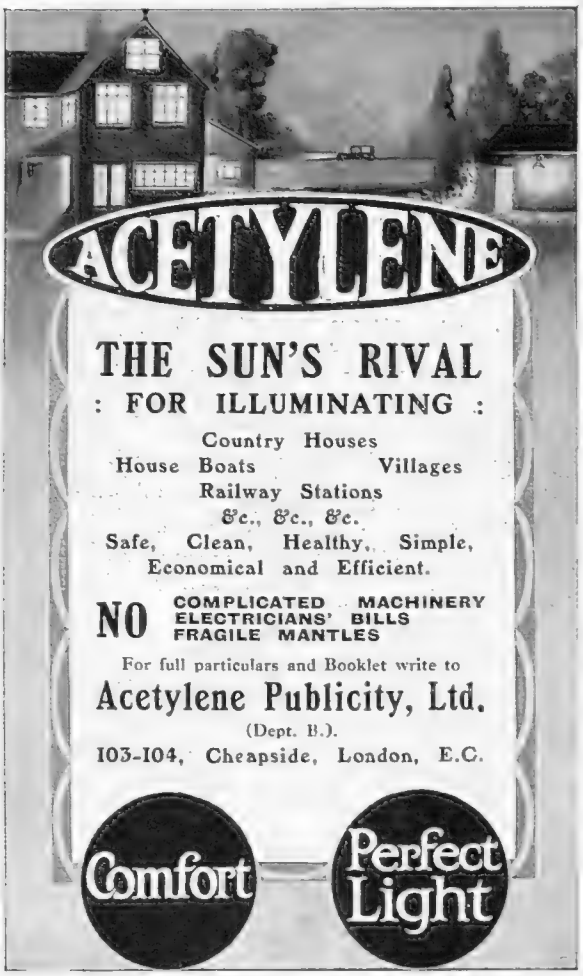

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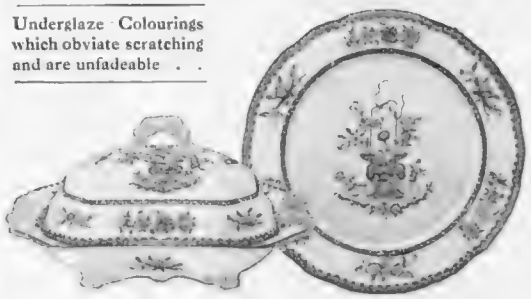

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

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TEAM BUILDING AT THE 'VARSITIES: THE CAMBRIDGE HOCKEY TEAM IN EMBRYO

Cambridge have four old Blues, S. H. Saville (captain), A. H. A. Vann, B. P. Neville, and J. M. A. Kendall, available, and should be strong in attack. Of last year's defences only R. B. Lagden remains, but there are many good men among the seniors

HOCKEY. By R. E. HOWARD

Matches That Matter

Hockey declines to be harassed with either cups or medals, but it has its great occasions. While there are no prizes at stake, some matches stir the ambition of the players and the imagination of the onlookers in a degree that other engagements fail to excite. Take, for instance, the meeting of Beckenham and Hampstead, which is arranged for Saturday, November 23, at Beckenham. It is just a club game. Theoretically, it is no different from a hundred other club games. Practically, it is the outstanding event of the first half of the season in the South. The spirit of competition which animates the two sides when they come to grips is intense. That being so, how much more exhilarating is the inter-'Varsity struggle? Here we have a contest in which the rivalry is instinctive from generation to generation. The absence of League and Cup Tournaments (and it is certain that hockey does not require such stimulants) always seems to me to invest with more than ordinary earnestness the few recognised feuds. They are so very rare. Still, they are invariably distinguished by the essence of pure sportsmanship, and as inspiring influences they are splendid.

The 'Varsities

Oxford and Cambridge do not meet until February 26, but already their chances are being discussed, while their matches with London clubs find the latter as strongly possessed as ever of an appetite for victory. Wimbledon were in the seventh heaven of delight when, the other day, they defeated Oxford by three goals to nothing. It was a very good performance on the part of Wimbledon, but there can be no doubt that Oxford played below form. Of the seven old choices who will be available in due course, only three were able to participate in the match under notice. Moreover, the muddy condition of the ground was a great handicap to the Oxonians, who had played their four preceding games on firm turf in the parks at Oxford. There was a falling-off in their pace, and, when passing, they showed a tendency to take divots, as the golfer would say, instead of hitting the ball cleanly.

J. A. CLARKE (ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY AND CHRISTCHURCH) WINNING THE HURDLES

He is hurdles champion of Scotland, and also a very useful "Rugger" forward

PROMINENT COMPETITORS AT THE OXFORD FRESHMEN'S SPORTS

Photographs *Sport and General*

F. W. H. NICHOLAS (FOREST SCHOOL AND HERTFORD) WINNING THE HUNDRED

He was Public Schools' champion last year

Oxford "Probables"

Of the men who helped to beat Cambridge last season, R. W. W. Cryan, the goalkeeper, G. B. Brown, the captain and right full-back, C. K. Waller and A. F. H. Wiggin, the wing halves, and A. C. Kirby, A. L. Hosie, and K. A. I. Mackenzie, the centre and right-wing forwards, are likely to retain their places, although Kirby and Hosie are now concerning themselves with Association football. E. A.

Shaw and S. H. Hewett are a promising left wing; C. K. Merewether is good enough to play centre-half for any club; and A. I. Dunn should make a useful partner to his captain at back. Oxford will do well; perhaps, in time, they will secure the full-Blue such as has been awarded to Cambridge. With the exception of Rugby football, hockey is the most popular winter game at the 'Varsities.

Useful Cambridge Seniors

Cambridge are sound in attack; they have the services of four old Blues in S. H. Saville, the captain, A. H. A. Vann, B. P. Neville, and J. M. A. Kendall. Of last year's defence, however, only R. B. Lagden, the right-half, is available.

Photographs

CAPTAIN P. G. M. SKENE

Captain of the newly formed Army Golfing Society. The Society played its first match against Mid-Surrey on November 7, and lost it by 8 points to 3

R. P. Dalley, the goalkeeper from India, is in residence, but is now in his fifth year. R. W. Stevenson, who was captain at Marlborough twelve months ago, appears likely to complete the forward line at outside right, and Cambridge have yet to show weakness in defence. They are fortunate in having at their disposal several seniors of uncommon ability. R. E. H.

ATHLETICS

Promising Freshmen at Oxford

The Freshmen's Sports at both Universities have run their normal course, and the performances in the various events have been, in most cases, well up to the ordinary standard, if not a bit above it. At Oxford there are two freshmen, at any rate, who bid fair to make their mark at Queen's Club in the future. F. W. H. Nicholas, of Forest School, who won the Public Schools' Sprint Championship last year, is now an undergraduate of Hertford. He won the Hundred Yards at the Freshmen's Sports in 10 3-5th sec., a very good time, seeing that he did not get very quickly off the mark. Equally good, considering that the going was heavy and that there was no one to extend him, was J. A. Clarke's time (17 3-5th sec.) for the Hurdles. Clarke, who has gone to Christchurch from Aberdeen University, is champion hurdler of Scotland. He is a strong and robust runner, and has already been tried several times in the 'Varsity Rugby fifteen, where he has shown considerable skill as a forward, particularly in dribbling.

MISS M. DODD

One of the victorious Cheshire team in the Ladies' County Championship at Ganton

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A Promising Miler

An American, C. McCormick (Princetown University and Balliol), was, as usual, to the fore in the Weight. He won with 38ft. 10in., and looks like doing over 40ft. before he has finished. The Mile was remarkable for the fact that only three runners turned out for it—a record of a kind. However, default of quantity the quality was undeniably good, and in D. N. Gaussen (Berkhamsted and St. John's) Oxford possesses a young runner of distinct promise. If there had been anyone to push him along, he would have done better than 4min. 43 5th sec. As it was, he was content to trot along in the second place until about a quarter of a mile from the finish, when he let himself out, and, going faster and faster right up to the worsted, won by about 80yds. H. S. S.

Dixon

MR. L. NICHOLLS

Hon. Secretary of the Army Golfing Society. Though the Society was beaten, he and Captain Skene both succeeded in halving their singles against Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. W. Trask respectively

GOLF

The International Match

To judge from a somewhat cryptic communication emanating from St. Andrews, the days of the International Match are numbered. We are not told in so many words that the match has been definitely abandoned, but that it is improbable that it will take place next year at St. Andrews, where the Amateur Championship will next be played. This statement may have been issued as a sort of *ballon d'essai*, to see which way the wind of popular favour

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Photographs *Sport and General*

THE LADIES' COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING AT GANTON: A GROUP OF PLAYERS AT THE FIRST TEE WATCHING THEIR RIVALS DRIVE OFF

The Championship was won by the holders, Cheshire, who defeated each of the other three competing teams—Surrey, Devonshire, and Staffordshire

is blowing. If that be so, those who issued it can have been left in but little doubt as to the popular verdict. So far, I have not seen any opposition to the abolition of the match from writers on the game. The only regret expressed is that the disappearance of the match will remove a field of distinction from young players anxious to win their spurs.

Is it Wanted?

This view seems to me to be founded on a misapprehension of the facts of the case. No young player has ever won his spurs in the International Match. To play in it he must have proved his prowess on other fields, principally in the Amateur Championship, which is the great and abiding test of a young player's promise and fulfilment. The International Match was, from that point of view, a mere seal, possibly a somewhat fictitious one, on a player's reputation. But there was really no possibility of a dark horse appearing in the match. Even if a player had proved unfortunate in the Amateur Championship, and yet was chosen for the International event, that choice rested on his proved capacity in his own district in the judgment of competent critics acquainted with his doings. The abandonment of the match does not, therefore, lessen in any degree whatsoever the chances of distinction of a young player, which can only be gained in an imperial as apart from a local sense, in the great Amateur Championship tournament.

Requiescat!

A desperate attempt was made this year to revive the waning fortunes of the International Match by changing the method of play from singles to foursomes. It was quite evident to those who watched the matches at Westward Ho! that neither players nor onlookers found that the change added one jot to the interest of the event. In a word, the match was a dead affair, and was beyond revival. Personally, I shall rejoice if the authorities concerned follow up the St. Andrews declaration by giving the match its *coup de grâce* and putting it out of its agony. It has had a chequered existence of eleven years, and has at no moment fulfilled the hopes of its authors.

Golf from the "Times"

I have had much pleasure in reading a collection of articles written for the *Times* by its special golf contributor, and now published in volume form. The writer, who is in the front rank of players, and who wields his pen as deftly as he does his club, touches on most of the aspects of the game which interest the golfing public. The chapter which appealed to me with greatest force, and which will strike home to most labourers in the golfing vineyard, is the one entitled "Practice and Theory." One recognises in reading it that here is one who has suffered from the same follies and fancies as have beset us. The passages which describe the agonised hopes and cruel disappointments of the practiser of imaginative and poetical temperament are absolutely delightful and true to the life. Throughout the book is written in admirable style, and with a thorough understanding of the game in all its manifold departments.

ERNEST LEHMANN

THE CHESHIRE TEAM: WINNERS OF THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP

Left to right (standing): Miss M. Dodd, Mrs. R. W. Shand, Miss M. Thompson, Mrs. P. Cooper, and Miss J. Chambers. (Seated): Miss M. A. Graham, Miss D. Chambers, and Miss G. Ravenscroft

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 467.—Vol. XXXVI. Wednesday, November 13, 1912 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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Old oak beams, open fireplaces, Adam's overmantels.

ESSEX AND SUFFOLK BORDERS.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, bath, 5 bedrooms.

MAGNIFICENT OLD OAK STAIRCASE.

Exquisite old-world gardens of 3 ACRES. High up; gravel soil. Golf, hunting, shooting. All in perfect order. £700 recently spent. Price, £1,500.

IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF KENT.

NEAR CRANBROOK.—The beautiful OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE above depicted contains: lounge hall, 3 reception, 12 bedrooms; gas, Company's water, main drainage.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD GROUNDS;

stabling, farmery, parklike pasture-land, in all 12½ ACRES.

Bargain, £3,500.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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WILTS.—An imposing stone-built RESIDENCE: 4 handsome reception, bath, 12 bed and dressing rooms; electric light, radiators; long drive, stabling, farmery, garage; 2 cottages.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AND PARK OF 26 ACRES.

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30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

BUCKS (in a peaceful and secluded situation near Burnham Beeches).—The above DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE with HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS: 11 bed and dressing, billiard, 2 bath, and 4 handsome reception rooms; richly panelled in old oak; electric light throughout; telephone. Entirely redecorated and in excellent order.

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Capital stabling and outbuildings; picturesque lodge; 8 cottages; gravel soil; excellent golf links. Price, Freehold, £6,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FOR SALE AT HALF COST.

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A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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'MIDST LOVELY COUNTRY.
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A Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen would be appreciated perhaps more than anything else you could send. And it is one of the most appropriate of Christmas Gifts.

Now is the time for posting to friends abroad.

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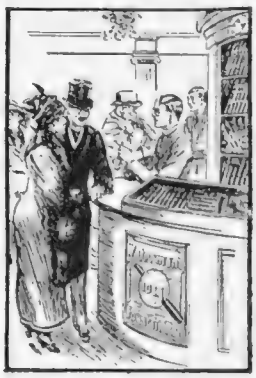

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2/9, 5/-, 11/6, 21/-, 42/- per bottle.

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In thoroughly shrunk all-wool flannel, in a large variety of stripes.

Price **14/9**

This Shirt is the exact style and shape of the heavy Pyjama Silk Shirt which we have had all the season at 21/9.

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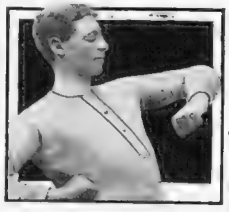

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is TEN TIMES more nutritious.

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Cocoa in Perfection, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.

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OF ALL GOOD CLASS TOBACCONISTS & STORES.

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IMPROVE YOUR SHOOTING
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"SMOKELESS ◇ DIAMOND"
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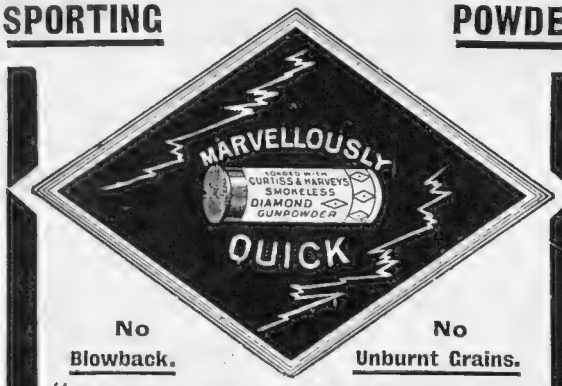

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No Fluttering Birds with "Smokeless Diamond." Pleasant to Shoot with. Regular and Reliable. Less Forward Aiming Allowance required than with any other Powder.

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Obtainable of all Gunmakers and Dealers in Ammunition.

Use Calox
night and morning

CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

To give the teeth a thorough brushing *each morning* is only half a way of keeping them in order. It is through the *night hours* that the destructive bacilli do their worst mischief—while we sleep.

Doubly important, then, to use Calox freely both *night and morning*. Then and then only does Calox yield its full and quite unrivalled dental benefit. Calox in use liberates oxygen, the finest natural purifier known to science; this oxygen ensures that health of gum tissue, that freedom from bacterial mischief, and that breath purity which are properly valued wherever refinement exists.

SAMPLE OF CALOX & BOOK FREE

Calox sells ordinarily in non-wasting metal boxes at 1/1½ by chemists, &c.

The Calox Tooth Brush enables you to reach and clean every part of the tooth, 1/- everywhere.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd.,
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WRITE NOW FOR PARTICULARS OF OUR

PETROL GAS LIGHTING.

The Generators can be driven by Weight, or Water from house supply.

The system is absolutely safe, especially economical, the light is perfect.

One of the few perfect gas machines giving an absolutely reliable light winter and summer alike. The machine is simple and automatic, and has been installed in hundreds of houses for years past. Cooking Stoves, Bath Heaters, Gas Fires, and all other gas conveniences.

Our staff carries out the entire work without delay, inconvenience, or injury to decorations.

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Complete Generating Plants also supplied for Export.
Special quotations submitted on receipt of plans.

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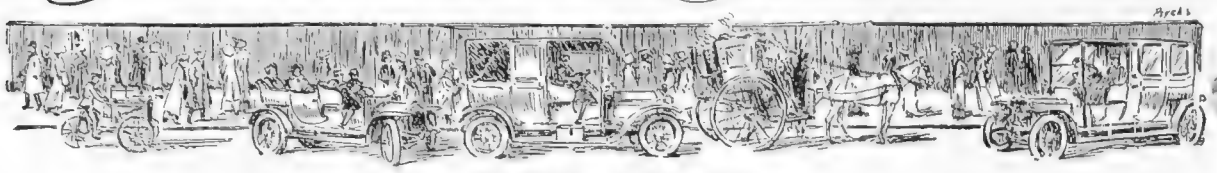


By MRS. JACK MAY

THE cult of the *couturière* to-day—the *couturière*, of course, who is likely to make modistic history—is individualism. Lacking that, the most skilfully created toilette will fail to reach the summits now attainable. There must be the little more that means so much, and foremost among those who possess this inherent sense of what constitutes beautiful *ligne*, artistic *forme* allied to a fine feeling for colour, is Madame Mascotte, of 89, Park Street, Park Lane, W. Her evening toilettes are singularly lovely, and so absolutely free of all effort that they are a very joy to the eye.

The Pictured Example

The example illustrated has been specially designed and carried out by Madame Mascotte for Mrs. John Kirkwood, and is fashioned of maize taffeta, in which at rather wide intervals are woven great hydrangea blooms in the most exquisite combination of colours. These range from a veritable flame *nuance* to the most delicate mauves and yellows, while the attendant leaves are of a bluish-green tone. And the latter provide the keynote for the left side of the corsage, which is of blue *tulle* over green, while for the right there is requisitioned a delicate shadow lace in a tender time-softened shade. For the rest, the gown may be summed up in two words, adroit draperies, a very short tunic effect being slightly looped below the left hip, and resolving at the back into an end, cut off at an oblique line, a *mouvement* that the short-pointed train seems to pick up. Above the waist the brocade is folded around the figure, and at the right side one corner is carried up to the shoulder, where it finishes in an almost imperceptible line.

A BEAUTIFUL EVENING TOILETTE
Specially designed and carried out for Mrs. Kirkwood by Mme. Mascotte, of 89, Park Street, Park Lane, W.

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Tea Frocks

A great feature of the *atelier* is smart little tea frocks and teagowns. Especially attractive is a tea frock, recently created, the lower half of which is composed of black *panne*, surmounted by a short tunic and fragile little corsage of white lace, so fine that it might have been the work of a spider, on which *entredeux* of white net are introduced, worked with a fairy-like design in black silk. To define the edge of the tunic there is employed a narrow line of tailless ermine, which is repeated at the waist above a most becoming line of black velvet. And into this *ceinture* there is tucked at one side a mammoth ragged chrysanthemum, executed in ribbon in a soft reddish shade, a wonderfully realistic presentment.

For Shooting-Parties

For shooting-parties Madame Mascotte is having a *succès fou* with a long velvet coat trimmed fur, which is worn over a veritable little *negligée* of *ninon* and lace that is slipped on in a minute for tea.

Nor does this clever *couturière's* fame stop at these ephemeral elegancies, since she counts

Smart Beauty Secrets.

By MILDRED ST. AUBYN.

Note.—Owing to repeated requests, Miss St. Aubyn has now arranged to answer by post (free of charge) all reasonable questions relating to beauty. Letters must contain a self-addressed stamped envelope, and be directed to Mildred St. Aubyn, c/o The Editress, "Our Home," 6, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

To-day every woman of taste and refinement avoids the use of cosmetics or made-up toilet preparations which give an artificial appearance. The fresh, natural complexion that few women have, and every woman desires, is best obtained by use of original ingredients already at hand or that can be obtained from any reliable chemist. My advice is to avoid the use of most made-up face creams, rouge, and beautifying preparations. They are usually obvious and often injurious. If you will get only the proper original ingredients, you will be satisfied with the result. Insist on having just what you ask for. If the chemist hasn't it he can immediately get it from his wholesaler. However, many of my suggestions involve no expense whatever.

"Veins Around the Nose." Emma.—Rub the little veins with camphor water (not spirits) night and morning, and they will disappear.

"Discoloured Skin." B.R.T.—Your skin is not sufficiently active to throw off the microscopic particles of dead, discoloured tissue. Get about an ounce of jettaline and use it at night like a cold cream. Jettaline absorbs the dead outer complexion, revealing the firm, fresh new complexion—a really new skin with natural youthful colour and soundness.

"Moustache." Maude B.—Your trouble is a common one, but I beg of you do not think of that "operation." It is intensely painful, often unsatisfactory, and very expensive. Get an ounce of pheminol—it costs about 4s.—and apply a little to the unsightly hairs. In a few moments they can be rubbed off and the skin will be quite clear. You can use it on your arms as well.

"Oily Skin." Mrs. H. M.—Soak orange and lemon peel in your water jug. Bathe the face well each day and the greasy look will gradually disappear.

"Cream for the Face." Anxious.—I believe the preparation you mention contains some lead, which probably causes the trouble. The best skin dressing to use on your face is just the natural allacite of orange blossom. It answers all the purposes of a vanishing cream, holds the powder perfectly, and, of course, carries the fragrance of the fresh blossoms. You could not have a made-up preparation to equal it.

"Perspiring." Toilet powder will not prevent excessive perspiration, but white pergol will immediately stop the very unpleasant odour. Dust the affected surface with it occasionally.

"Crow's Feet." L. L. W.—Stretch the skin quite smooth and apply adhesive plaster. Do this every night and a week will show much improvement.

"Chapped Lips." Leila F.—It is the lip rouge that makes your lips dry and sensitive to the weather. Rub them with a stick of soft prolactum. It gives them a charming, natural colour and protects them from soreness.

"Falling, Dry Hair." Bournemouth.—Evidently you require a hair tonic. The most effective one I know is simply pure boranium and bay rum. An ordinary package of boranium to ¼-pint of bay rum. Rub this well into the roots of the hair and the dandruff will disappear. The hair again becomes soft and glossy, and the growth is stimulated.

"Disappointed."—It is your own fault. Again, I impress upon you that you must insist on having the ingredients you ask for. Naturally the man wished to sell you what was most profitable to him.

"Beautiful Eyes." Evelyn.—The "bald" look that you say is caused by your thin eyebrows and lashes may be remedied by using some tennaline. Apply this to the eyebrows and they will grow darker and thicker. It will also help make your lashes grow long and curling.

"Flabby Face." Mrs. Joan T.—Beat a raw egg to a paste, and cover the face with it, allowing it to remain for half an hour. Wash it off with warm water, and you will find the skin considerably firmer and smoother.

"Anti-Rouge." Masie L.—Probably your rouge is merely chemically dyed chalk. If you need more colour, just rub a little powdered colliandum on your cheeks. It is not obvious like rouge, gives a natural colour that defies detection, and is perfectly harmless.

"Thin Skin." Sister Mary.—Evidently the soap you are using has too much alkali, a fault of many, even the most expensive toilet soaps. I use, and can heartily recommend, Pilenta, an English soap that is really soothing to the most sensitive skin, and is delightfully perfumed.

"High Collar." M. B. D.—See reply to B. R. T. The mark around your neck will disappear if you use good jettaline to absorb the deadened and discoloured outer complexion.

"Old Hands." Mrs. W. H. T.—Rub the hands thoroughly every night with warm olive oil. It will keep them white and unwrinkled.

"Fluffy Hair." Mollie T.—Your hair will be charmingly fluffy and wavy if you just shampoo it with stallax. A teaspoonful to a cup of hot water is sufficient for each shampoo. It does not leave that unpleasant soapy feeling after rinsing, and it imparts to the hair some of its own delicate natural perfume.

"Natural Bloom." Genevieve.—Your friend probably uses a solution of clemenite instead of powder. Get an ounce and dissolve it in 4 ounces of water and apply it to the face occasionally. You will have a natural "bloom" that cannot be otherwise acquired. The effect will last all the evening, or even all day, without renewing, and clemenite is very beneficial to the skin.

"Tender Feet." Weary Mother.—Use a teaspoonful of Onalite in the foot-bath, and it will immediately relieve that tired, aching feeling. It will also check the excessive perspiration that makes your feet tender.

THE
LONDON CORSET CO.
Ltd.
11, HANOVER STREET, W.

French Corsets in every type, style, and material kept in stock.

The Latest "La Samothrace" Corset.

The latest creation in luxurious corsets is depicted in this sketch. It is made of the daintiest Silk Broché, in white and delicate pale shades, and is cut exceedingly long below the waist to keep the figure very trim and neat. The upper edge is prettily finished off with satin ribbon veiled with lace and edged with tiny ruchings.

£5 : 15 : 6

THE WEAR OF ALL CORSETS GUARANTEED.
SENT ON APPROVAL UPON RECEIPT OF SATISFACTORY REFERENCES

THE LONDON CORSET CO.
are now showing the very latest models from Paris, designed for wear with the forthcoming Modes.

Note the Address:
11, HANOVER STREET, W., 11

among her staff a *tailleur des dames*, whose work is irreproachable. Lyons velvet is once again creeping to the fore for the *habillée* tailor-made, and Madame Mascotte has recently completed a charming costume of this time-honoured fabric for the Countess Fitzwilliam, together with two other suits, both of which are of *moire*.

Sports' Garments Galore

The *salon* at Harrods, Brompton Road, exclusively devoted to sports' garments has found the ready recognition anticipated by the firm. It is regulated with such thoroughness that every grade of taste, almost, indeed, of individual requirements, is supplied. A special tailoring section is set apart for the construction of knockabout frieze and tweed suits. But the material Harrods especially recommend for ski-ing and tobogganing is "Garbircord." They declare this to be invincible to rough usage and to wet, while the smoothness of the surface prevents the snow from clinging. If desired, the "Garbircord" is arranged as a suit throughout, with the coat preferably a species of Norfolk. But more frequently merely a skirt is supplied to be worn with shirts, supplemented by a woollen sweater or coat.

In respect of these adorable woolly things Harrods are safely poised above all rivalry. The stock they hold is such a vast one, and, in addition to including all qualities, styles, shapes, and sizes, they are particularly strong in colour, that is to say, in variety of colour. And the well-turned-out woman to-day is as particular about the colour of her sports' jersey, scarf, and hat as she is of her most exigent evening toilette.

ONE OF THE VERY POPULAR VIVIDLY COLOURED WOOLBACK SATIN BLOUSES
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

Vividly Coloured Woolback Satin Blouses

Everybody's wearing them, wearing them, wearing them! And there my cheap plagiarism must halt. The *everybody*, I should hasten to add, being limited to those who have the money to pay for these apparently simple blouses, of which Mrs. Dorothy Millar gives a characteristic example in an adjoined sketch. As with everything that is really *chic* at the moment, the simplicity is a ruse of adroit cut and fit, the quality of the material having also a large word to say in the success. Moreover, you cannot, except in a few instances, buy these blouses ready-made. They really need to be built for the actual wearer, that long shoulder-seam, which forms so notable a feature of these models, exacting individual adjustment. The undisturbed surface of the satin is charming, the small pocket patched on at the left-hand side, for the tiny *crêpe de Chine* handkerchief, can scarcely be called a break, while the three buttons are of the satin, hand-embroidered in tone. The collar is one that can be worn either up or down, and if desired a small, clear white net *guimpe* may be slipped inside as a helpful accessory.

A Harmony of Fragrance

There is, perhaps, no memory more pleasant to dwell upon than that of strolling in an old-world garden when the sun has gone down and the evening dew has brought out the scents of the flowers to their full perfection, so that they all mingle together into what one may fairly call "A Harmony of Fragrance." Inspired by such an experience in one of the far-famed gardens of Araby, a modern alchemist has attempted to blend the scents of the thousand flowers contained in it into one perfume. The result is the production of "Shem-el-Nessim," the Scent of Araby, which has been aptly described as "An Inspiration in Perfume."

"Shem-el-Nessim" is, indeed, an ideal scent. Dainty, delicate, fragrant, and lasting, yet in nowise overpowering it somehow contrives to suggest the luxury and splendour of these Eastern gardens.

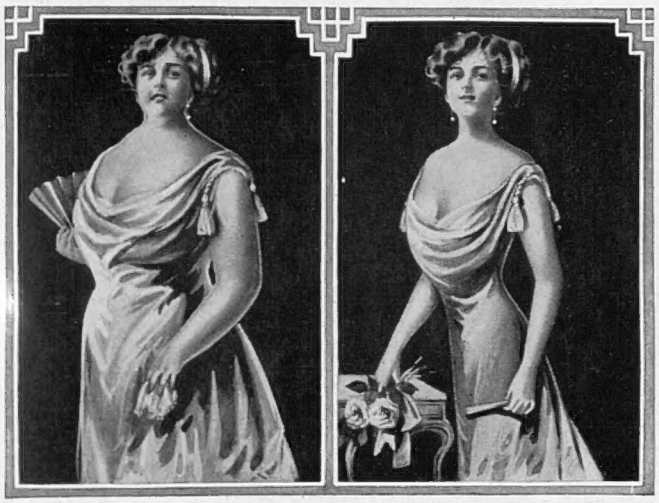
"Shem-el-Nessim" has been combined with a complete list of toilet accessories. Each of these toilet accessories is, moreover, of the best of its kind that can be produced. For instance, "Shem-el-Nessim" Soap is not merely a scented soap, but is emollient and soothing to the most sensitive skin; in fact, it is all that an ideal soap should be, combined with the delicious fragrance of the original scent. "Shem-el-Nessim" also has its toilet cream, face powder, dentifrice, brilliantine, hair lotion, toilet water, bath crystals, sachet, and cachous, which can be obtained of all chemists and perfumers either separately or in a dainty case containing a selection of some or all of them.

NO ONE NEED REMAIN FAT NOW

Physician Banishes Fat in Seven Days.

USE THE FREE COUPON TO-DAY.

These pictures tell plainer than any words the marvellous improvement to be made in a woman's appearance when superfluous flesh is removed.



On November 1, Dr. F. Turner, a well-known physician, was one of the fattest men. He weighed 18st. 2lb. His waist measured 48in., and he wore a 17½in. collar. His health was miserable; he was weak and tired all the time; dull, heavy, and stupid in mind; wasn't able to work, to sleep nights, or to digest his food. He had just been refused life insurance because of his excessive weight. He was told that his very life was in grave danger, and that unless he could get rid of his fat he might drop dead at any moment.

He had previously tried all the methods of flesh reduction known to medical science, starvation diets, purging, violent exercise, etc., but they had done more harm than good.

With practically a death sentence staring him in the face and a wife and family to support, Dr. Turner thought hard. He worked, experimented, studied on a plan entirely different from any he had used, and finally made a most wonderful scientific discovery, by means of which he has actually reduced his weight 100lb, gaining in strength and general health with every pound he lost.

On January 1 this year, Dr. Turner weighed 10st. 10lb., his waist measured 37½in., and he wore a 15½in. collar. His health is perfect, he is as capable of hard work as at twenty-five years of age, and his mind is clear and buoyant.

Dr. Turner's wonderful success has amazed his friends and fellow physicians. His method is simple, yet thoroughly scientific. There are no medicines or drugs to be taken, nothing to wear, no physical culture or violent exercise, no Turkish baths, sweating, purging, starvation diets, or weakening methods of any kind. On the contrary, the system, which any person can readily practise in their own homes without medical assistance of any kind, is designed not only to remove superfluous flesh at the average rate of about 1lb. a day, but to strengthen the entire body and benefit the general health right from the start.

Dr. Turner's remarkable discovery and experience created widespread attention from both physicians and the general public, and he has been fairly deluged with requests for personal treatment. Close friends have urged him to specialise in this particular branch of work where he could command large fees, but other business interests which occupy much of his time have decided him against it.

In answer, however, to the multitude of requests for information and in order that all may have the benefit of the system it was his good fortune to discover, he has prepared a small booklet treating on his method and telling every fleshy man and woman how they may accomplish this same happy result, without the least danger or inconvenience. He has mailed these books without charge to those who have written him, but has a few hundred copies left. Arrangements have been made whereby these will be distributed without charge among interested readers who will use the coupon printed below. Send no money. Merely enclose two-penny stamps to cover postage, and booklet will be sent to you by return. Address your letter to Dr. F. M. Turner (Dept. 723H), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W.

FREE FLESH REDUCTION COUPON

(*Sign your Name and Address here*)

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ADDRESS.....

.....

This coupon entitles you to one copy of "How I Reduced My Weight 100 Pounds," by Dr. Turner, as explained in the announcement above. Cut out this coupon (or send name and address, mentioning Dept. 723H), and send it direct to Dr. F. M. Turner (Dept. 723H), 214, Great Portland Street, London, W., and the book will be sent you in plain envelope by return post.

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The Menu : How to Prepare Savoury Dishes

SAVOURY dishes are very much appreciated in these days, especially in the winter, when fruit cannot always be obtained for sweets and the savoury course is of great importance. Just at an opportune moment a book called "The Everyday Savoury Book," price 1s., has been brought out, and ought to be widely known. It is written by Marie Worth, published by Messrs. Stanley Paul, and contains a recipe for every day in the year. From the above book the following recipes are taken :

Savoury Oyster Croûtons

MATERIAL.—Eight oysters, eight small rounds of bread, 4oz. of cooked fish, 2oz. of butter, salt and pepper to taste, a squeeze of lemon-juice, 2oz. of toast crumbs, milk.

METHOD.—Beat the cooked fish with a little milk, butter, and pepper to a purée, first removing all skin and bones. Fry the rounds of bread in butter until a light brown. Take them out and put the oysters in for a minute or two. On each croûton place a little of the purée and an oyster in the centre. Sprinkle with toast-crumbs, squeeze a little lemon-juice over, dust with cayenne, and put them in the oven for two or three minutes. Serve garnished with parsley.

Sweetbreads with Mushrooms

MATERIAL.—Two sweetbreads, twelve button mushrooms, a few strips of bacon, 2oz. of butter, dessertspoonful of flour, half a pint of stock, one gill of cream, two yolks of eggs, teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

METHOD.—Soak the sweetbreads in salt and water for an hour. Then let them simmer for fifteen minutes. Take them out, cool them, trim them, lard with thin strips of bacon, and bake or fry in butter until lightly brown. Make a sauce with ½oz. of butter, flour, stock, cream, vinegar, and the yolks of the eggs (well beaten and thinned with a little of the stock), salt and pepper to taste. Add to this sauce the sweetbreads and mushrooms, and let them simmer slowly for another fifteen minutes. Place the sweetbreads on a dish, sprinkle with the parsley, and pour the sauce round. Garnish with sippets of toast and cut lemon.

Savoury Eggs

MATERIAL.—Four hard-boiled eggs, 6oz. of sausage meat, 2oz. of flour, one egg (beaten up), 4oz. of bread-crumbs, 2oz. of butter.

METHOD.—Remove the shells. Roll the eggs in flour. Thinly cover with sausage meat, brush over with beaten egg, dip in breadcrumbs, and fry in butter until a nice brown all over. Take up carefully with a slice, place them on kitchen paper, and cut them in halves with a very sharp knife. Place them on a dish, cut side uppermost, and garnish with endive.

UP-TO-DATE WIVES.

Men do not read domestic articles—it's not their business to do so. But they DO like their wives to be up-to-date in all household matters—the most important of which is cooking. Here is an opportunity to give him a delicious sweet course that he's probably never tasted before. It is inexpensive, yet savoury and nutritious, and above all it contains Currants—the best of all foods.

Apricot Currant Pudding

¼lb. dried apricots, ¼lb. currants, 6oz. sugar, ¾lb. flour, 6oz. suet, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, cold water, lemon juice, almond essence. Method.—Wash the apricots in warm water, drain them, and soak them in 1 pint of cold water for 12 hours. Chop the suet finely, mix with the flour and baking powder, add water to form a stiff paste. Line a pudding basin with the pastry, mix the apricots with the water in which they were soaked, with the sugar, currants, lemon juice and almond flavouring, fill the basin, fix on the top crust, cover with greased paper and tie a cloth over—boil for 2 hours.

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The Editor's Box

"Daily Graphic" Free Meals

New features associated with the work of the *Daily Graphic* Free Meal and Relief Fund, which is now in full operation all over the metropolitan area, include the elimination of the wastrel or work-shy element, the daily distribution of new milk for women and children at the free food centres, and the provision of daily dinners for nursing mothers. The latter is a national work, and must inevitably produce a finer race of children. Each day a Free Meal Coupon is inserted in the *Daily Graphic*, and each coupon represents a substantial meal for a deserving person. Please cut it out and hand to a deserving man, woman, or child, or send it in an unsealed envelope, a ½*d.* stamp attached, to the Relief Editor, *Daily Graphic*, Tallis House, E.C. This ensures its prompt distribution to a deserving person. A donation to the fund will also be welcomed. Every pound means the dawn of a new hope in some fellow-creature's heart. Every penny represents a free meal for someone who is starving.

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

Mr. George Dance's Company in *The Hope* is here this week. Next week's attraction will be that unique play, *Kismet*.

An Excellent Girls' School

A girls' school has recently been brought to my notice which bids fair to make a name for itself. I refer to "Brierfield," Trimley St. Mary, Felixstowe, of which the principal is Miss M. K. Henson, who is assisted by a fully qualified resident and visiting staff. The school stands in its own grounds, with delightful gardens, tennis and croquet lawns, and is situated just over a mile from Felixstowe, the popular East Coast resort. Miss Henson's aim is to combine home comfort with the advantages of school discipline and a first-rate education.

"Brierfield" Girls' School, Trimley St. Mary, Felixstowe

The girls are encouraged in all out-of-door exercises, and lead a very healthy, happy life.

The Season at Nice

The season at Nice, despite the Balkan cloud, promises extraordinarily well. Villas are letting with exceptional rapidity, and the hotel-keepers report "more demands than usual at this time of the year" all along the line. That this is an early season is proved by the fact that the Winter Palace at Cimiez—usually one of the last to throw open its doors—has already a number of visitors, including Mrs. and Miss Milburn, Mr. and Mrs. R. Iselin, and Mlle. Kirieff and Mme. S. Brianchaninoff. The Winter Palace, with its lovely gardens, tennis courts, glorious views over Nice and the Mediterranean, and ultra modern comfort, has come to be known as the "aristocrat" of the Nice hotel world, and it fully deserves its reputation.

Oxo in the Royal Exchange

A new and magnificent panel (cleverly executed by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury) has recently been placed in the Royal Exchange—the second on the left as you enter from the west side. There you will see King Alfred directing his worthy followers in the rebuilding of London's walls. The King has halted to consult his architect, who stands on the scaffolding and holds in his hand his commission from Ethelred, whom Alfred made Governor of London. On this architect's gorgeously decorated gown gilt circles and semi-circles magically form the word "Oxo" three times. The representation is clearer when viewed from the side than from the front. Visitors to the Royal Exchange should not fail to see this interesting and unintentional Oxo advertisement, which must, we feel sure, lay claim to be the first fluid beef advertisement which ever appeared.

The Grave of Sir Walter Scott in DRYBURGH ABBEY (*From an old print.*)

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